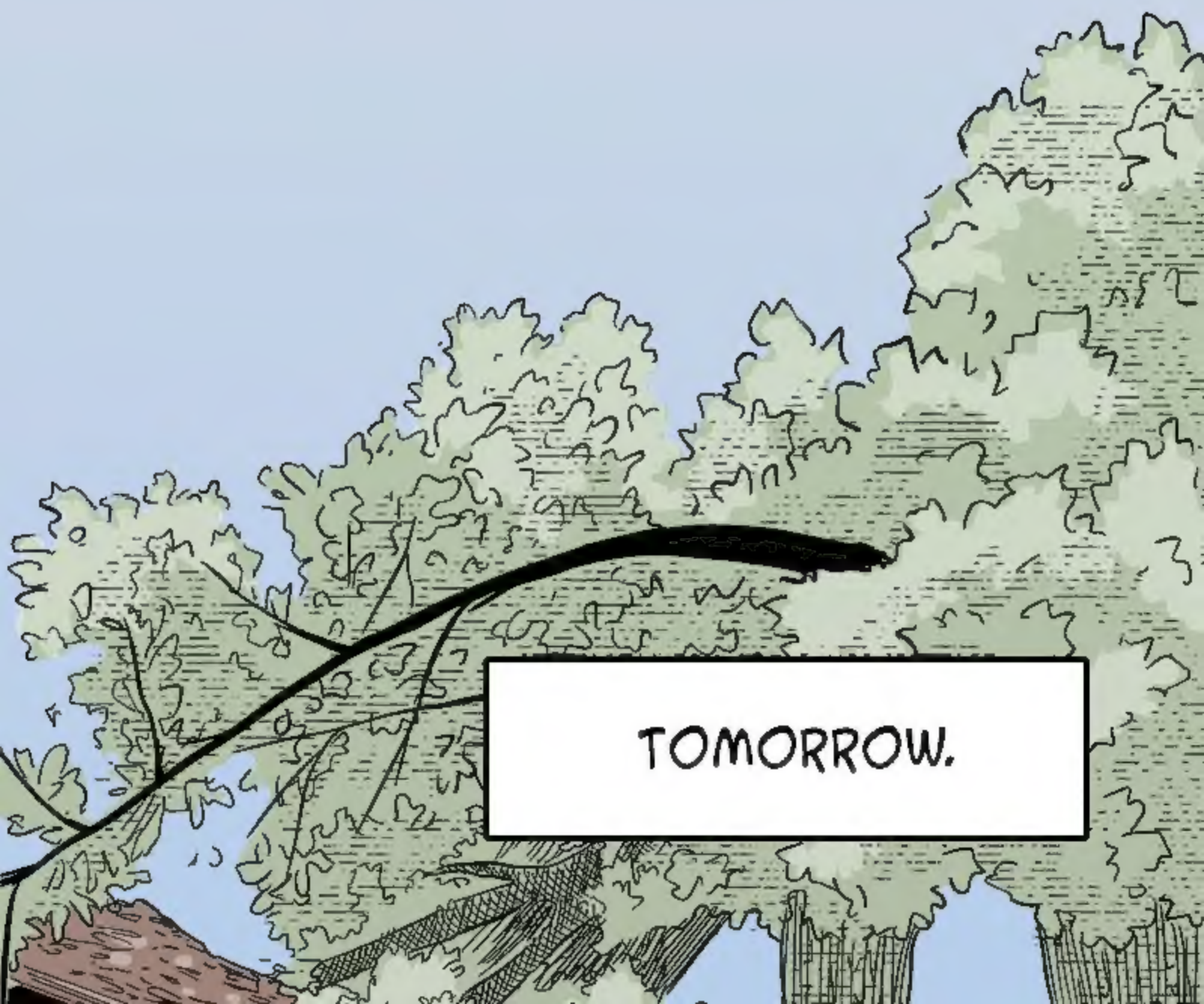


AFTER A LOT OF THOUGHT, I
DECIDED TO ENTER THE OLD
FARMHOUSE AND LOOK FOR ANY
TRACES OF JEREMY'S RESEARCH.

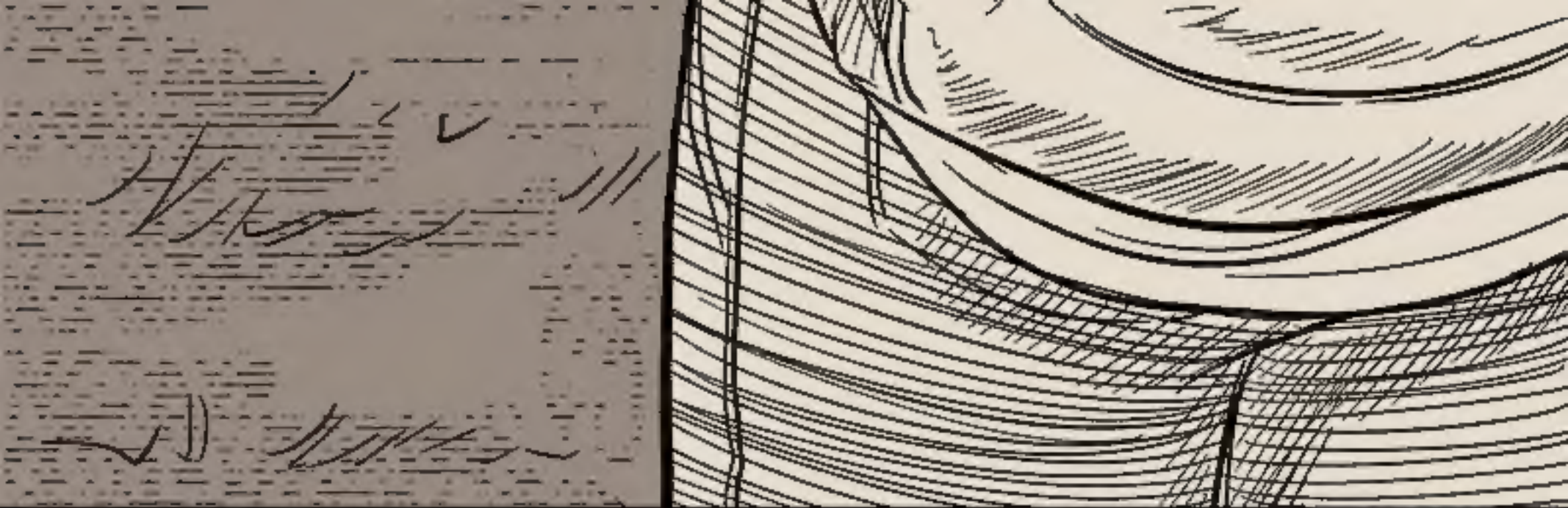


TOMORROW.



A black and white comic book panel. In the foreground, the back of a character's head and shoulders are visible. The character has dark, spiky hair and is wearing a light-colored shirt with a dark collar. They are looking towards a large, rounded, light-colored object that resembles a piece of machinery or a large container. The background is a textured, greyish-brown surface with some faint, sketchy lines suggesting a ground or wall. A speech bubble is located in the upper left quadrant of the panel.

ONCE I'D
PICKED UP A
FEW THINGS.







part two

I WASN'T ABOUT TO WALTZ INTO
SOME MYSTERY BUILDING WITHOUT A
FEW ESSENTIALS, SO I GRABBED MY
EMERGENCY BAG FROM HOME FIRST.



WATER, SNACKS, BANDAGES, KNIFE, A
FLASHLIGHT HEADLAMP, BATTERY
CHARGER, SOME ROPE...A BASIC
SURVIVAL KIT FOR ANY DANGERS.
JUST IN CASE.

OKAY, MAYBE I OVERDID IT FOR
CHECKING OUT THE INSIDE OF AN
OLD BRICK BUILDING.





BUT YOU REALLY CAN'T BE
TOO PREPARED.

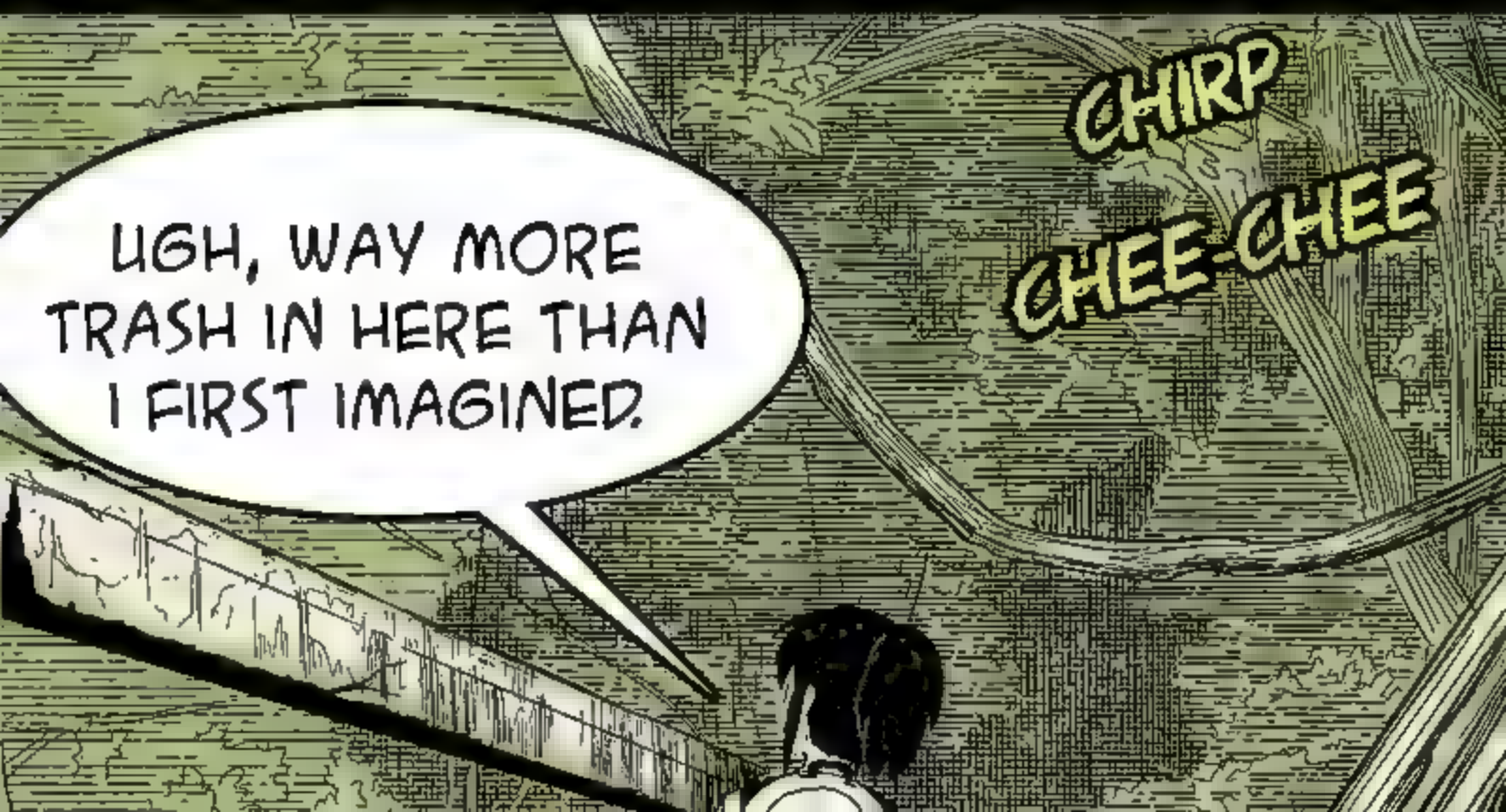






KREEEE

KREEEEEE





KREEE

KREEEE

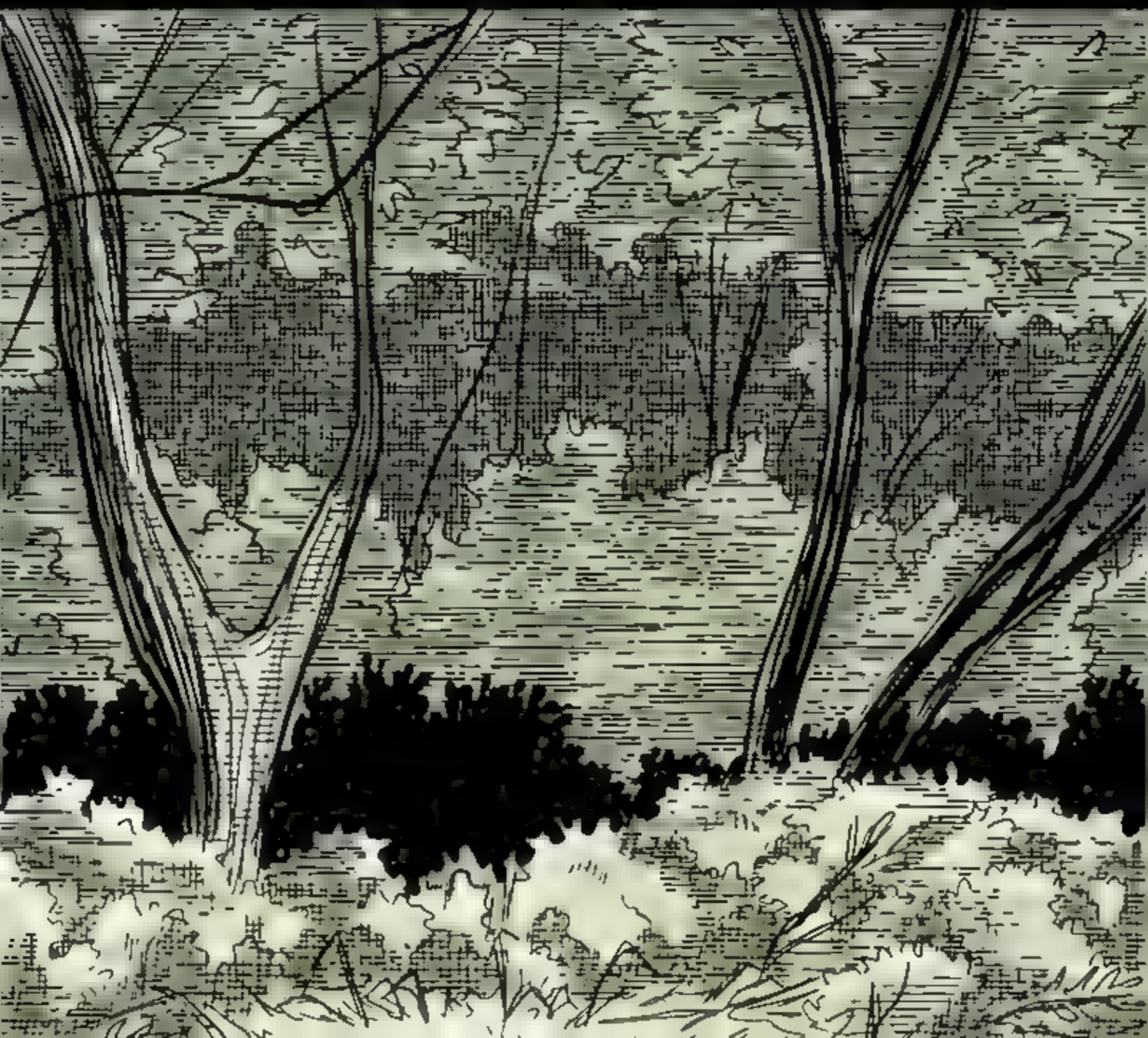
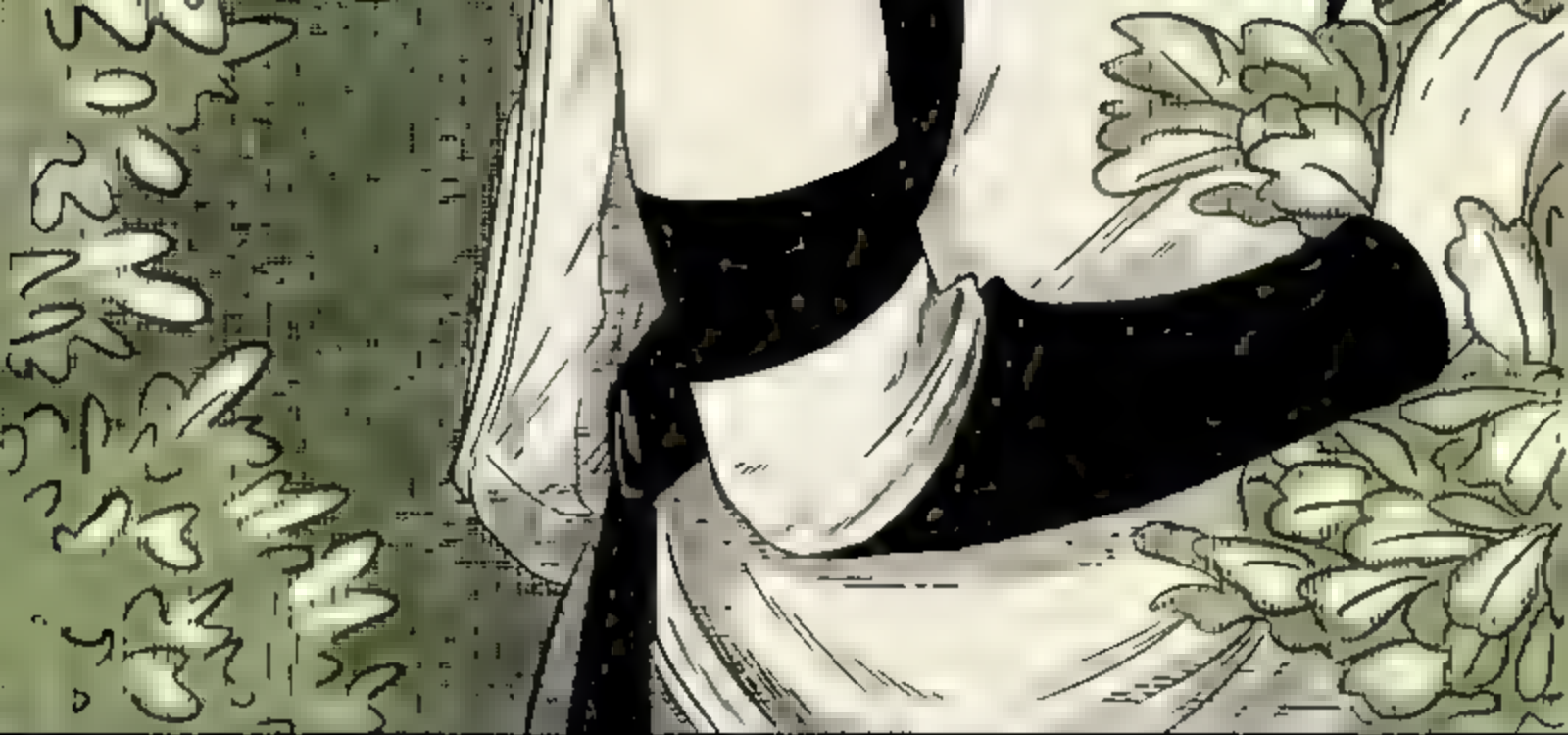


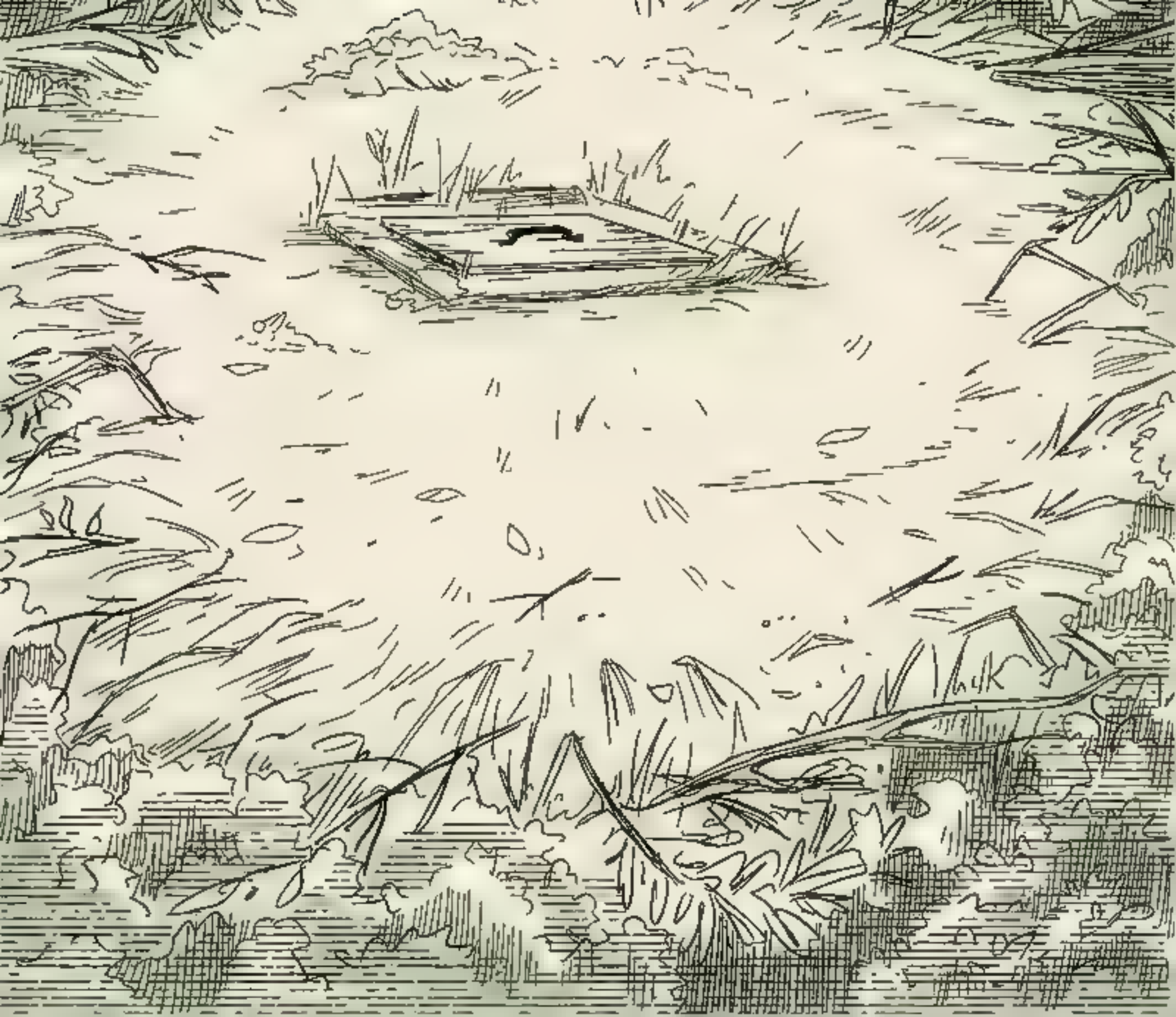
CHIRP

CHEE-EE

NOW...WHAT AM I LOOKING
FOR?

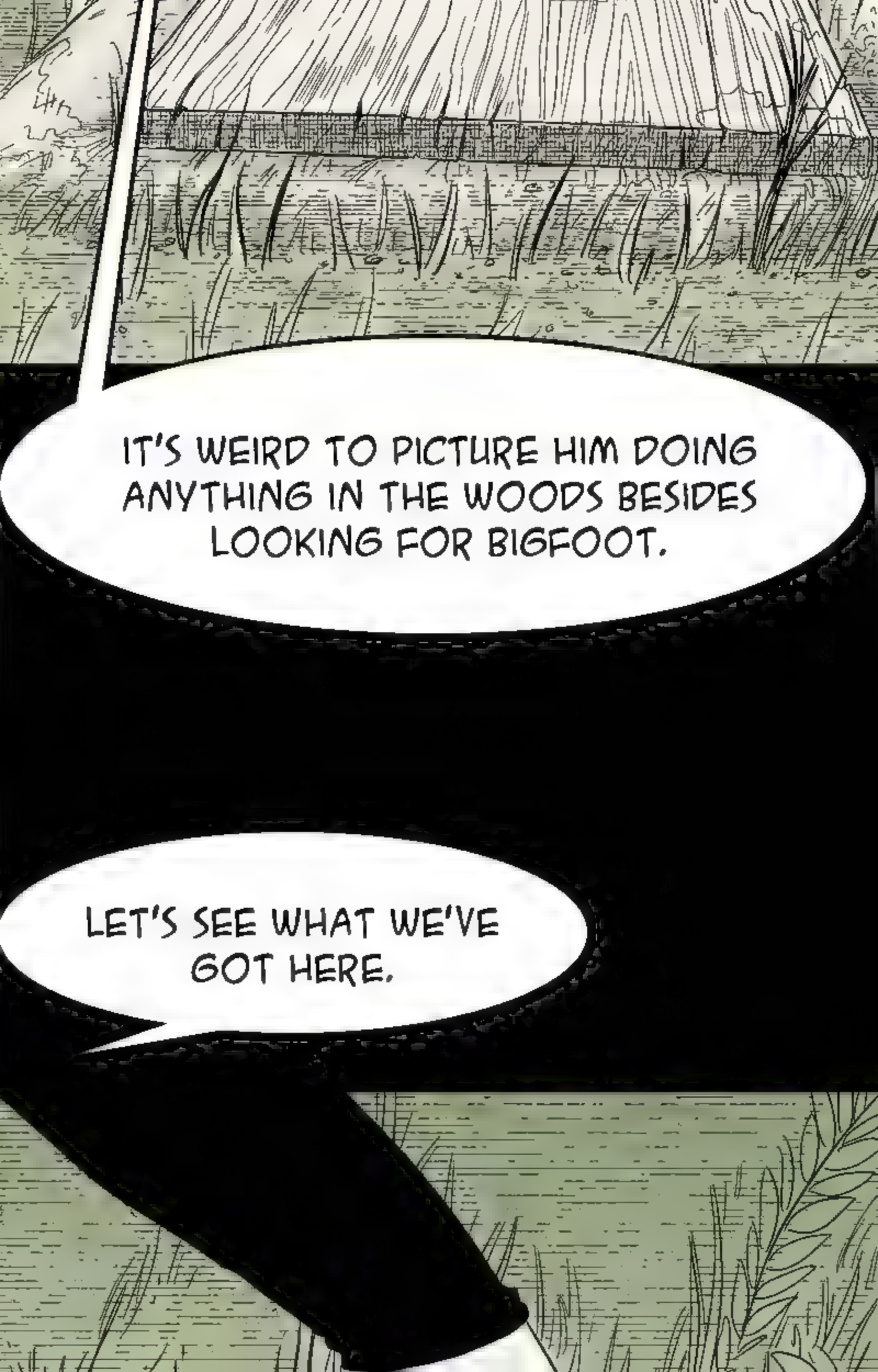






HUH. SOMEONE CLEARED THIS
AREA OUT. THREE GUESSES WHO,
AND THEY ALL START WITH
"JEREMY."



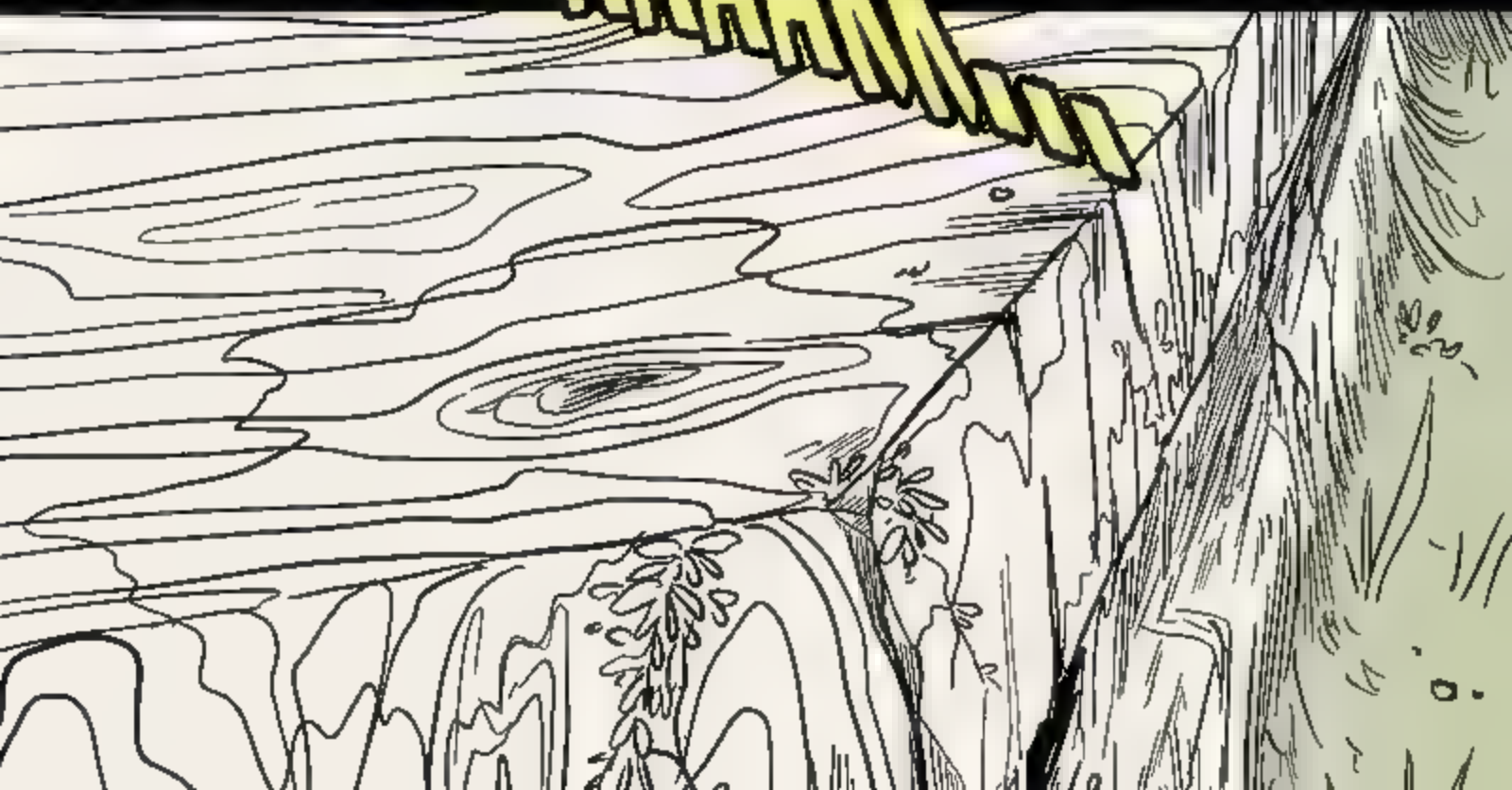


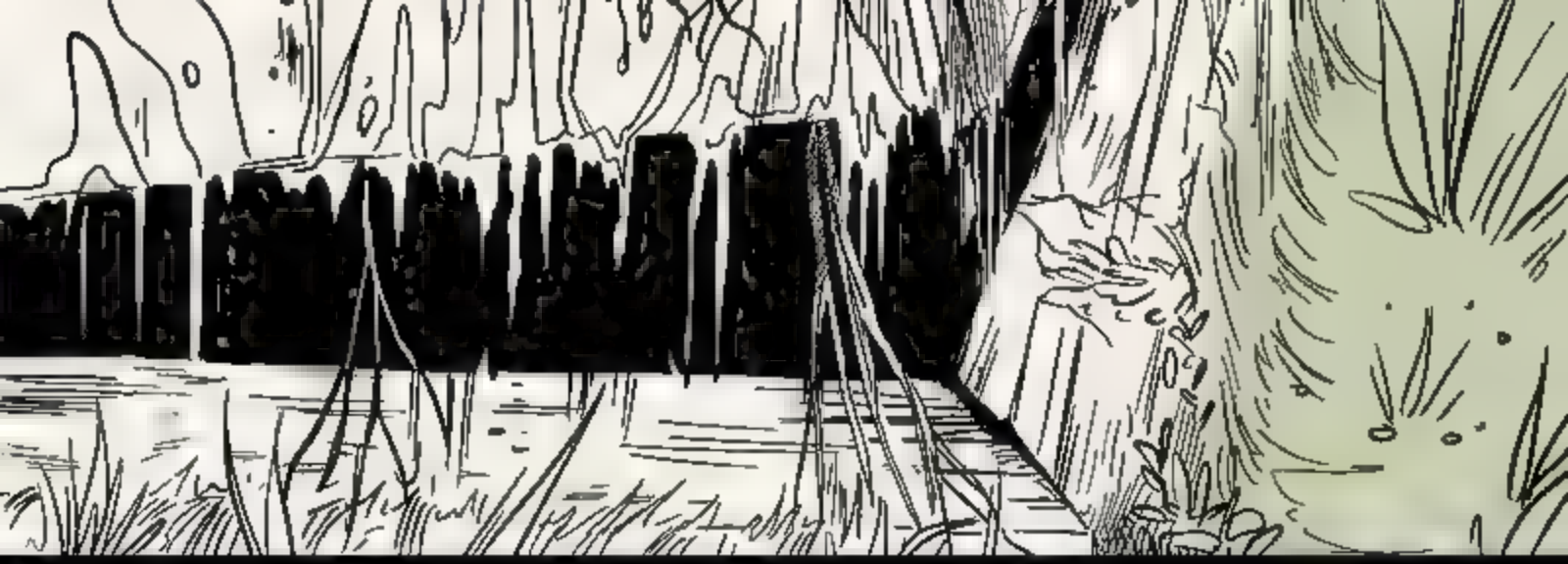
IT'S WEIRD TO PICTURE HIM DOING
ANYTHING IN THE WOODS BESIDES
LOOKING FOR BIGFOOT.

LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE
GOT HERE.

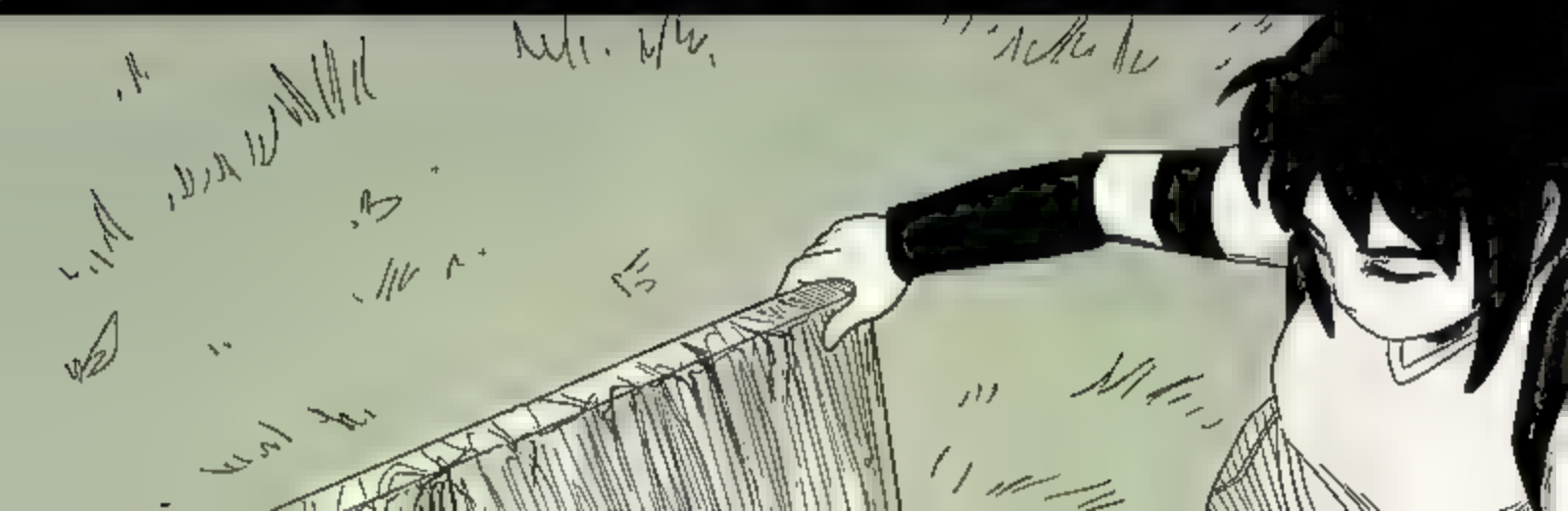


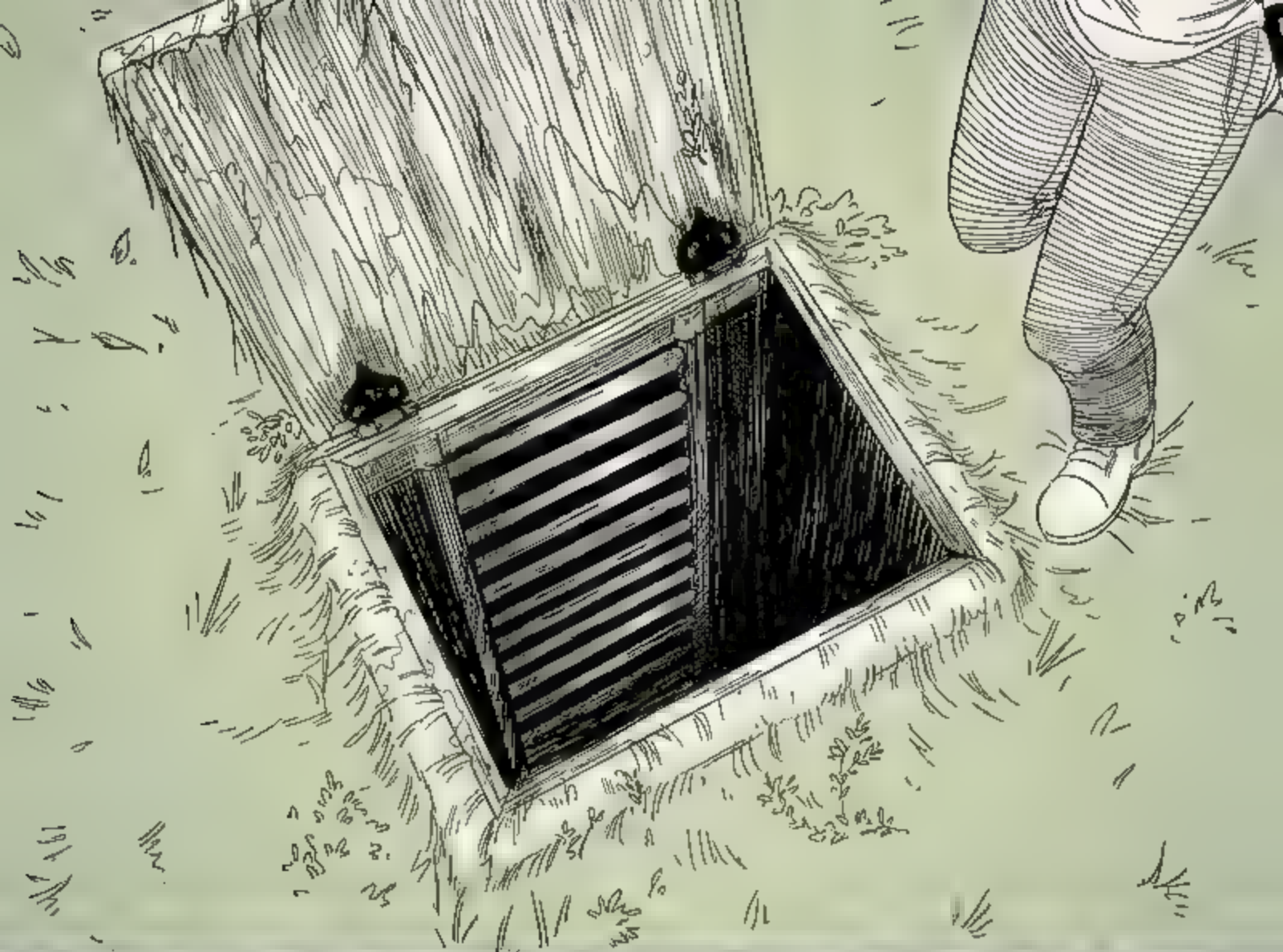
KREAAAAAAN





THANK





HMMM...AN OLD ROOT CELLAR.





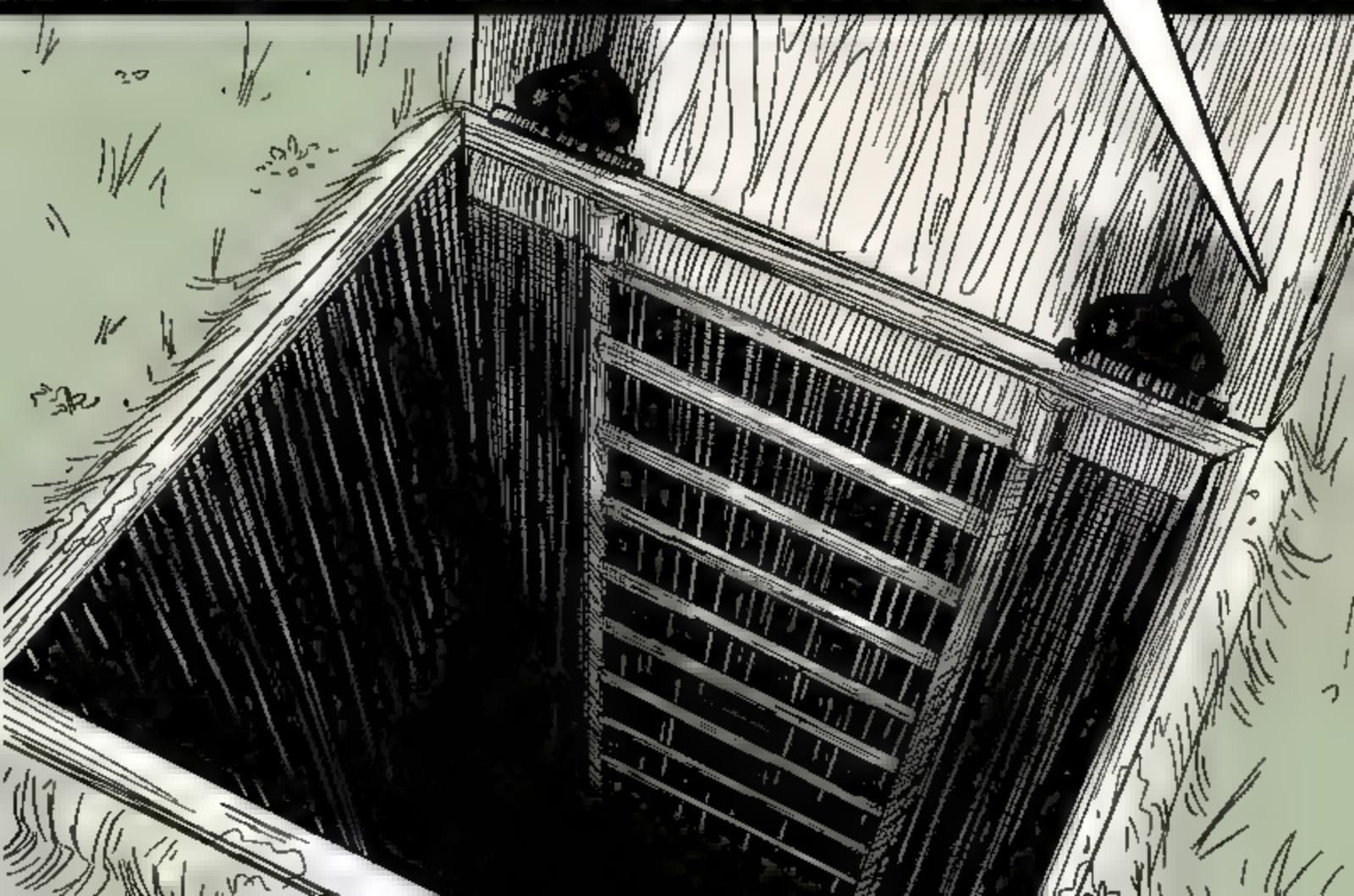
WELL...IF JEREMY WENT DOWN
THERE AND CAME BACK FINE, IT
SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT. I CAN'T
IMAGINE HIM HAVING ANY
AMAZING SURVIVAL SKILLS.

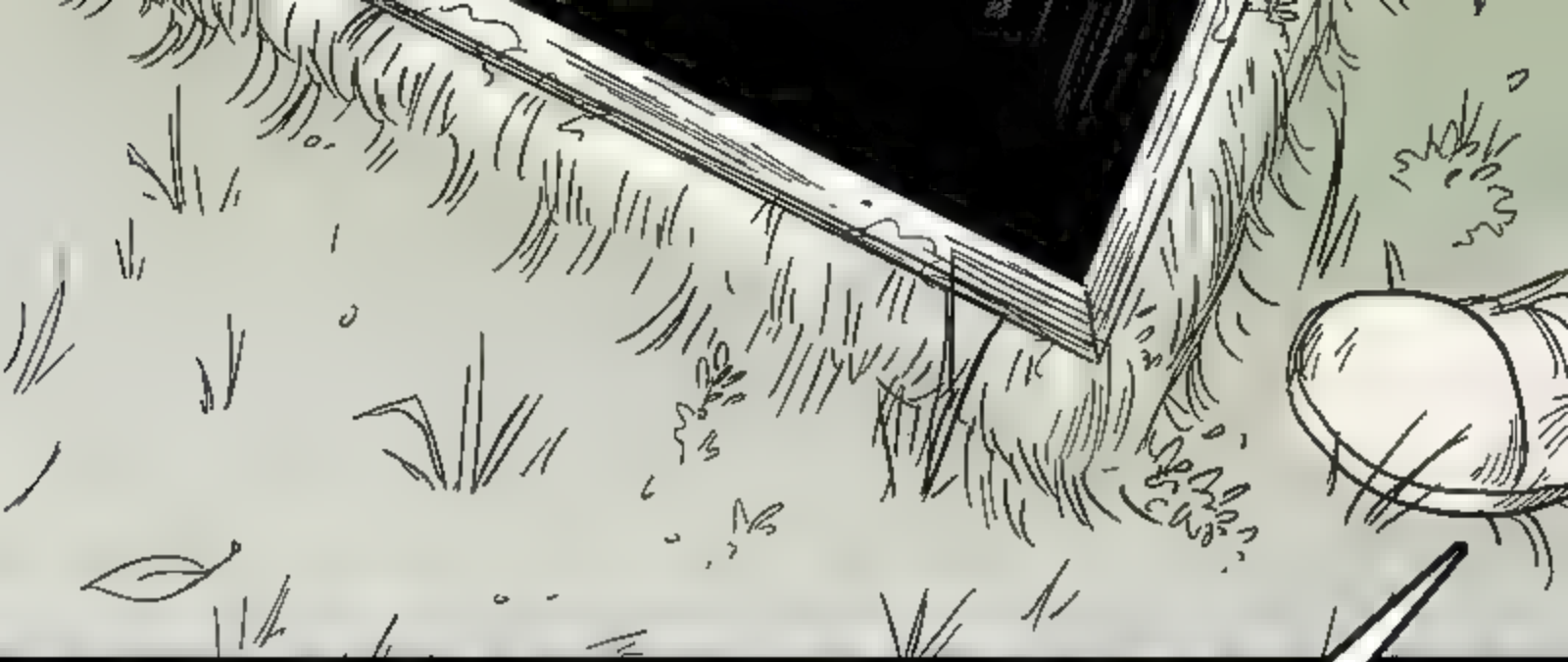
I ALSO CAN'T IMAGINE HIM FINDING

THIS AND NOT JUMPING DOWN THE
LADDER IMMEDIATELY, SO...

OKAY, WELL...LET'S BE SMART
ABOUT THIS.

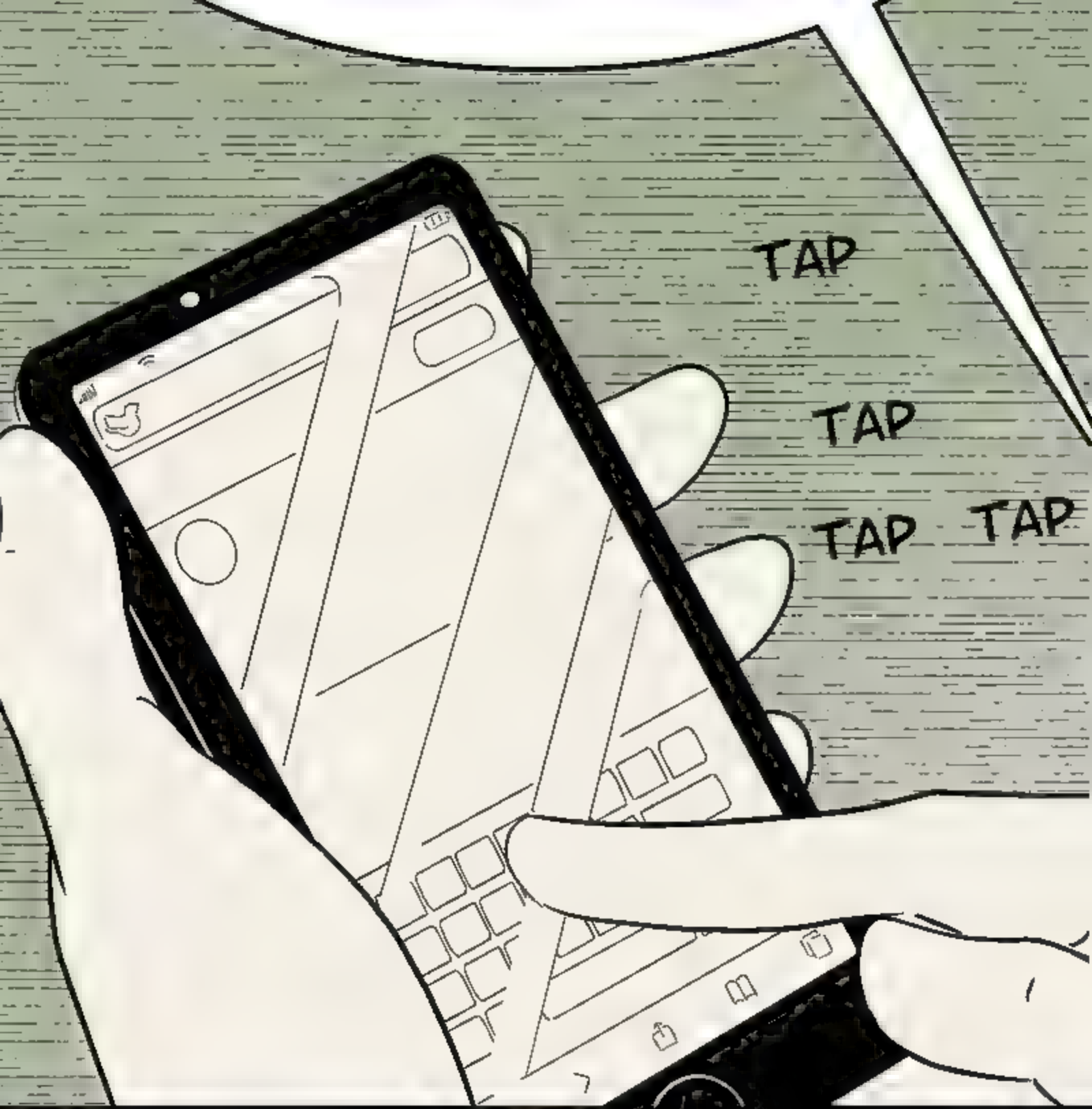
CLIMB DOWN ONLY HALFWAY ON
THE LADDER AND SEE WHAT'S IN
THERE, THEN COME STRAIGHT
BACK UP.





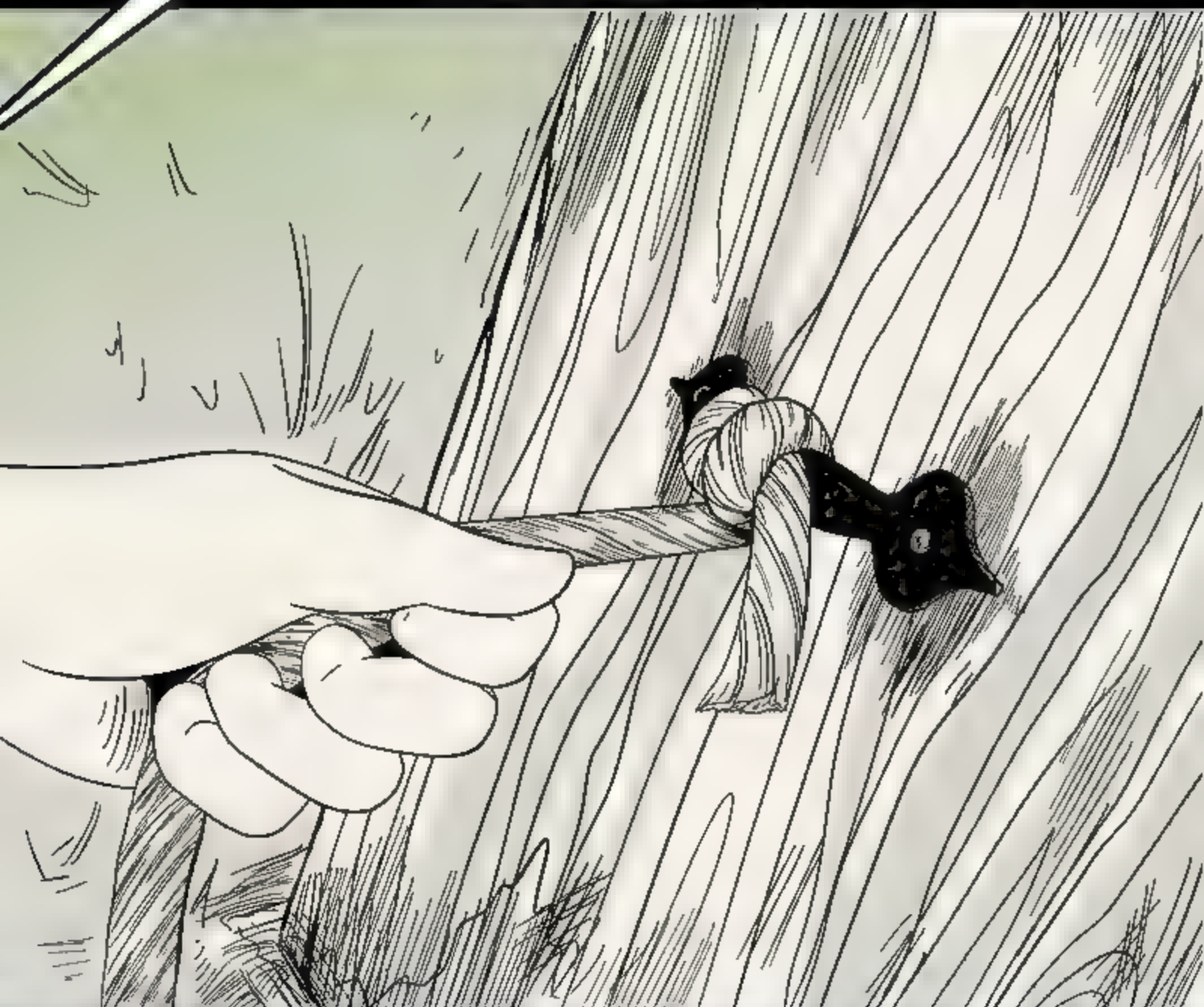
IF IT'S SAFE, COME BACK
TOMORROW WITH A LANTERN
AND SOME OTHER STUFF TO
EXPLORE IT.

AND FOR SAFETY, POST A TWEET
ABOUT WHERE I AM, IN CASE I
FALL DOWN AND GET HURT.

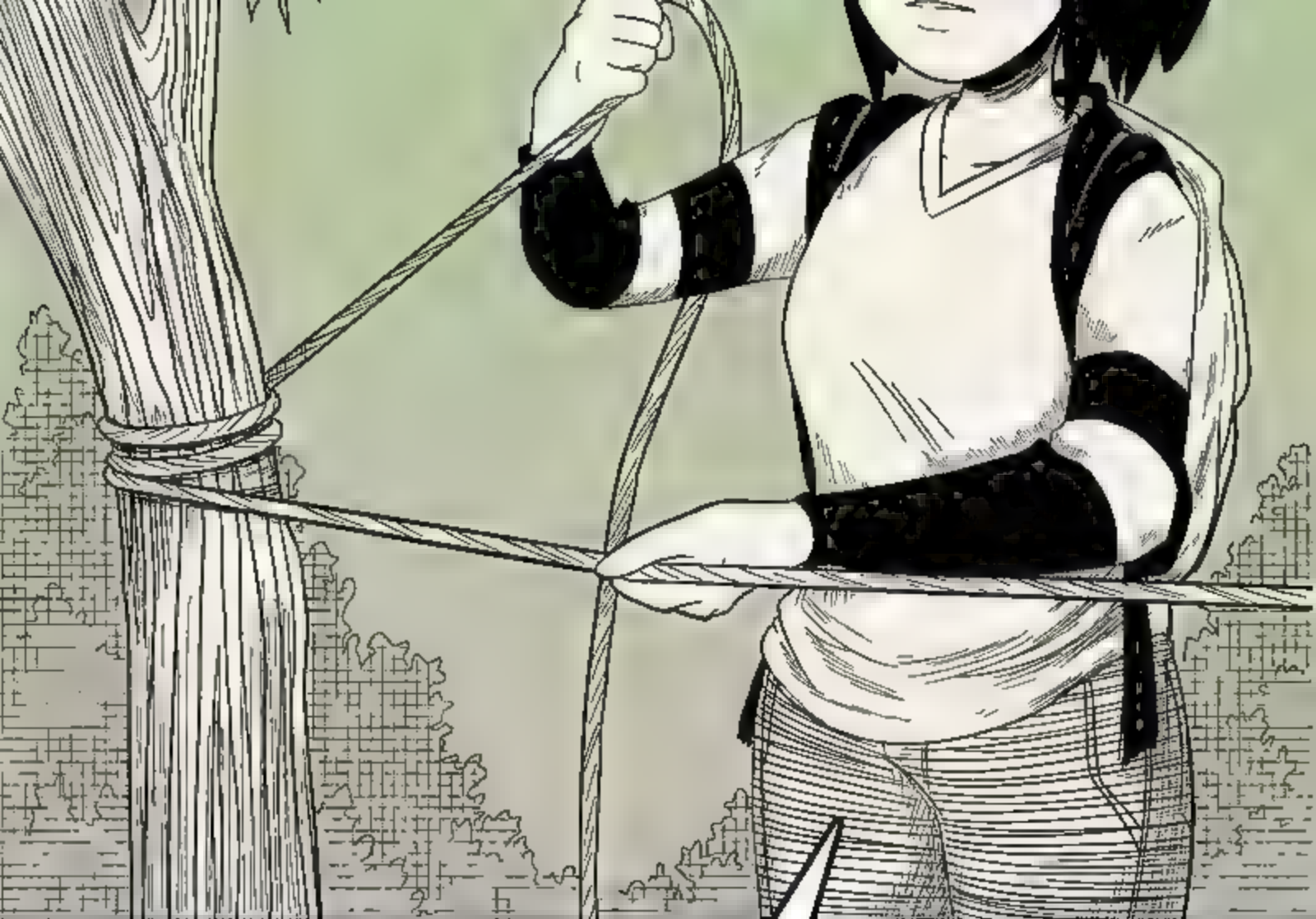


ROPE AROUND THE...LIP THING...

ROPE AROUND THE NEAREST TREE
TO KEEP IT OPEN-



-ROUND THE NEAREST TREE,
AND REST OF THE ROPE AS A
BACKUP LINE.



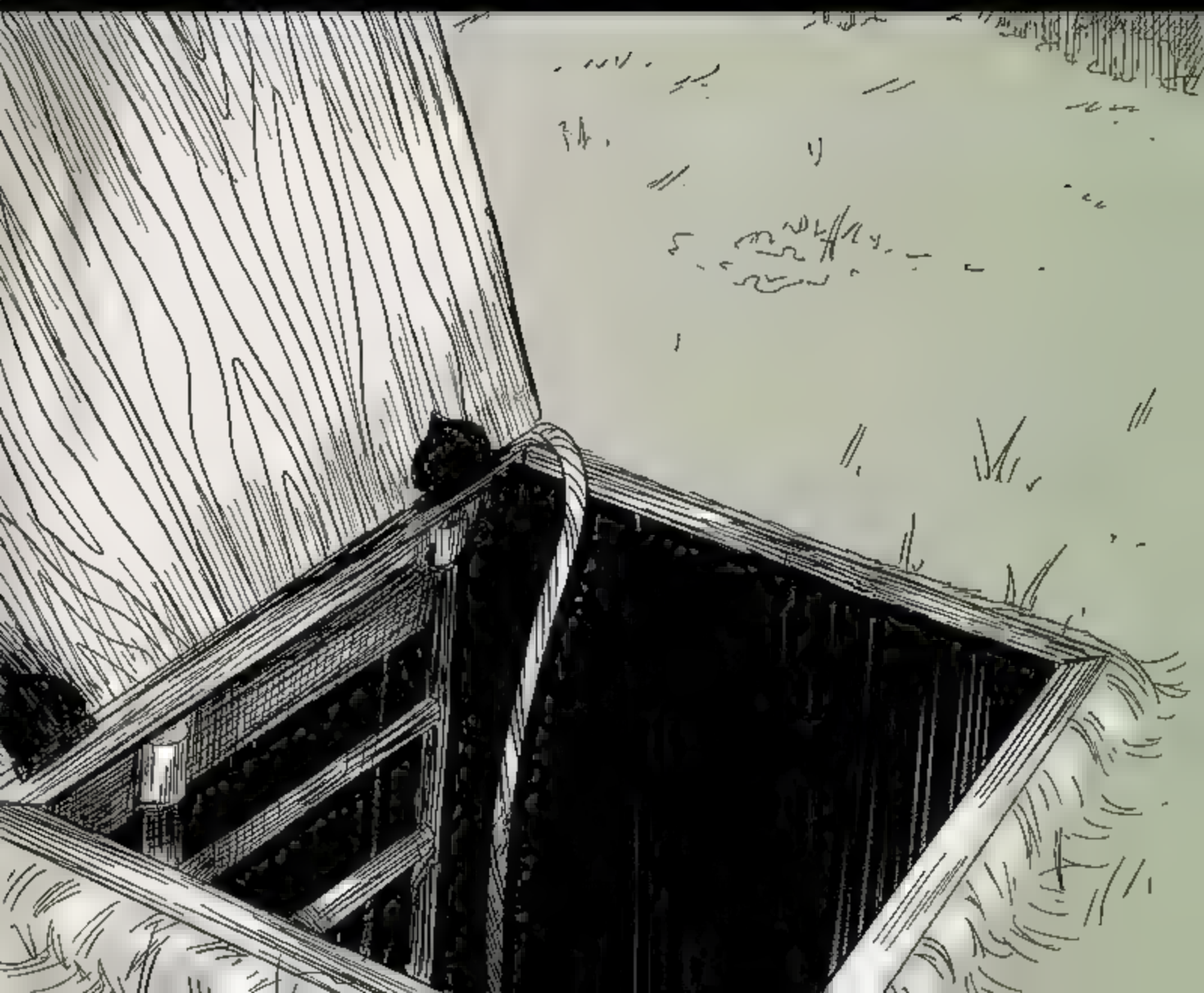
THAT SHOULD DO IT.





I WONDER IF THIS IS
A BAD IDEA?







THMP

THMP

THMP

THMP

OOF-

THMP

UGH, THIS IS
NOT HOW I WANT
TO SPEND MY
SATURDAY...

THMP

THMP

CLIMBING AROUND IN-
OUCH-THE WORLD'S
OLDEST BASEMENT...

THMP

THMP

RRGH...ON A LADDER
MADE ENTIRELY OF
RECYCLED SPLINTERS...

THMP

THMP

THMP

HONESTLY...

THMP

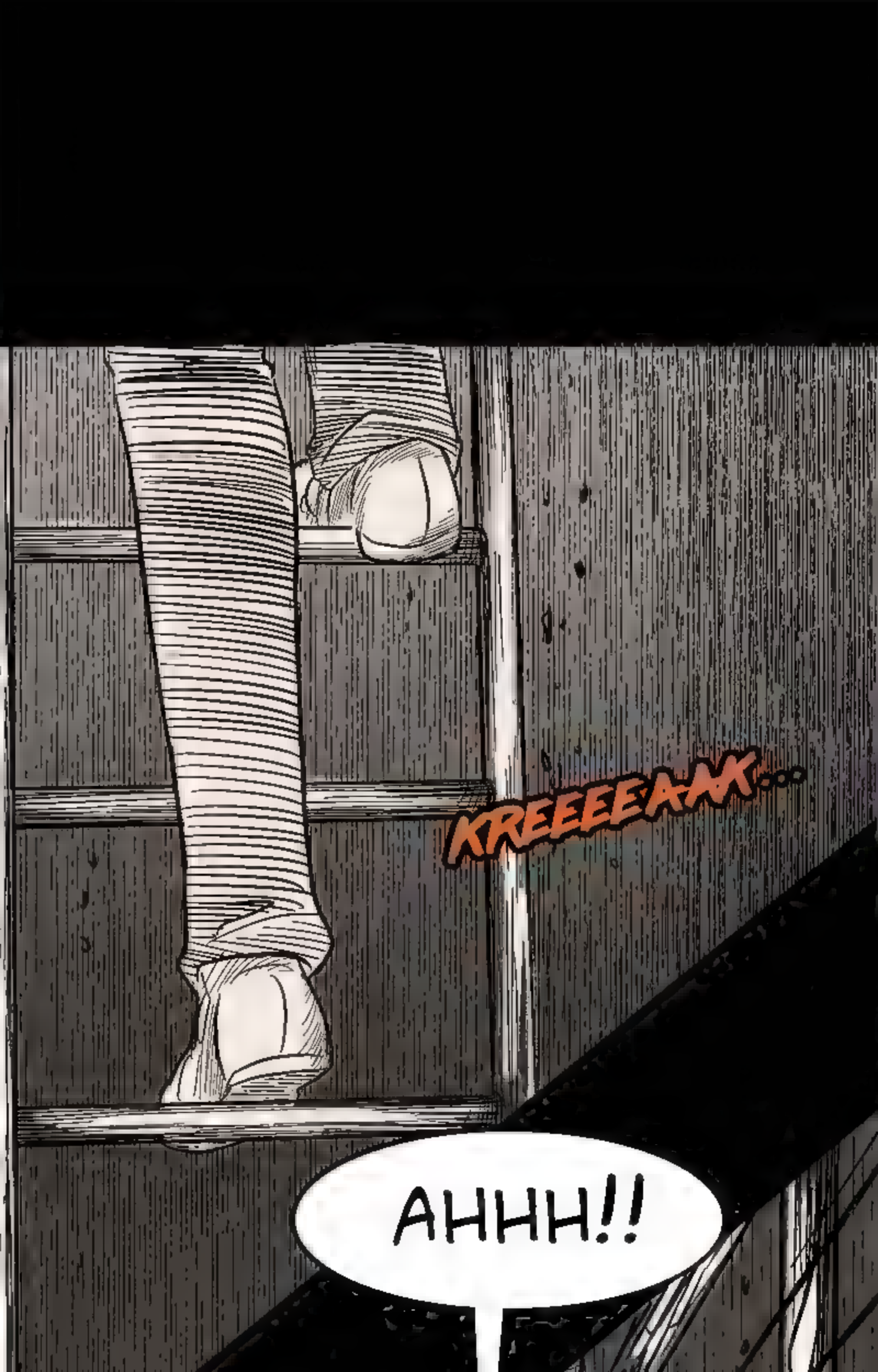
A black and white comic panel showing a person falling down a dark, narrow staircase. The person's legs and feet are visible at the top of the frame, with their body disappearing into the darkness below. The word 'THUMP' is written in a stylized, yellowish font near the top of the stairs. A large speech bubble is positioned in the center of the frame, containing text. Another speech bubble is at the bottom of the frame, also containing text. The word 'THUMP' is repeated three times in the same stylized font as the person falls further down the stairs.

AT SOME
POINT, YOU-
OW!- HAVE TO
ASK YOURSELF-

WHAT AM I REALLY
DOING WITH MY
LIFE?

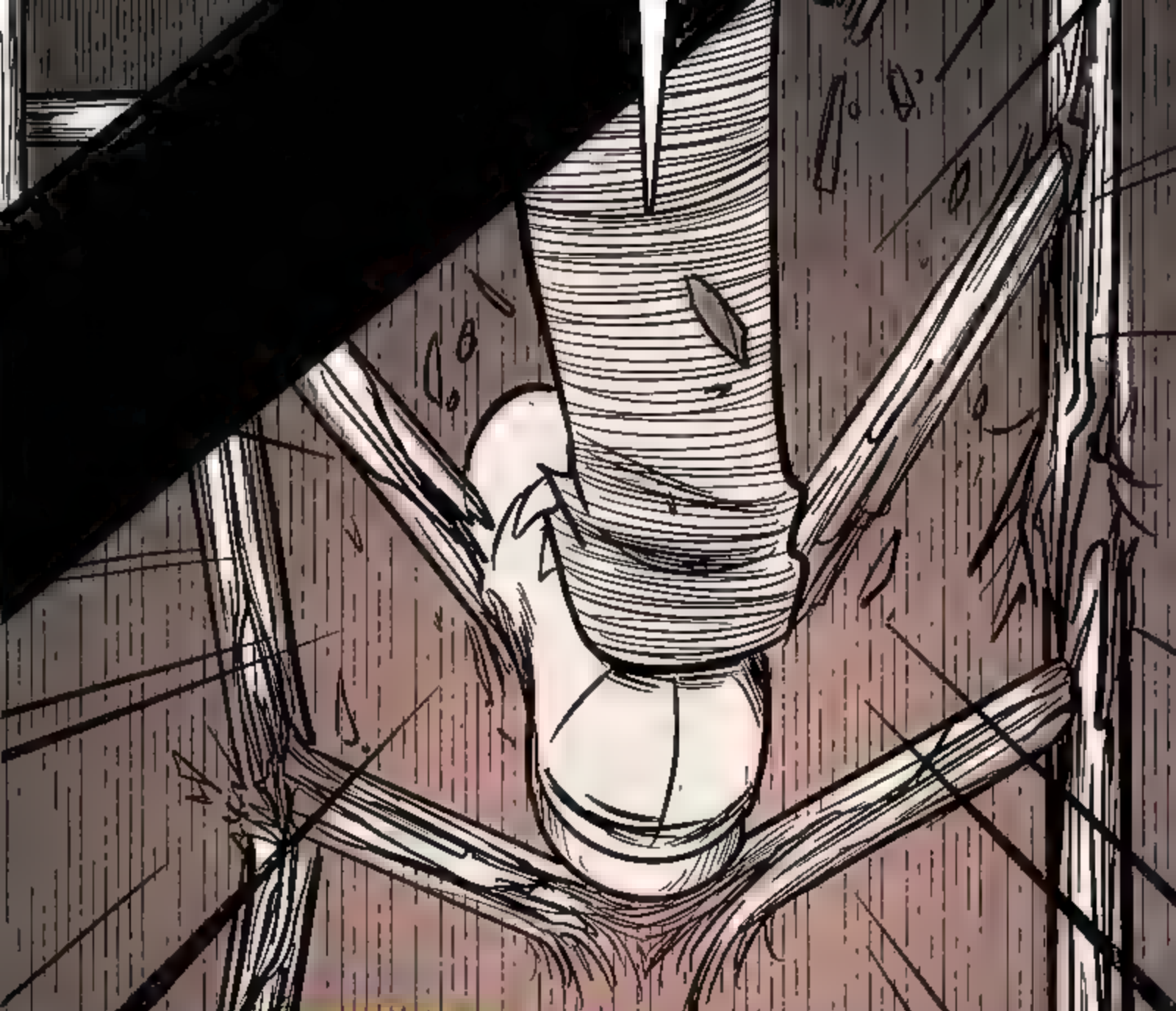
THMP

THMP

A black and white comic book illustration showing a person's legs from the knees down. They are wearing horizontally striped pants and white sneakers. The person is standing on a wooden floor with vertical planks. The background is dark and textured with vertical lines. A sound effect is written in a jagged, orange-outlined font to the right of the legs.

KREEEEANK...

AHHH!!



SMASH

KRNNN

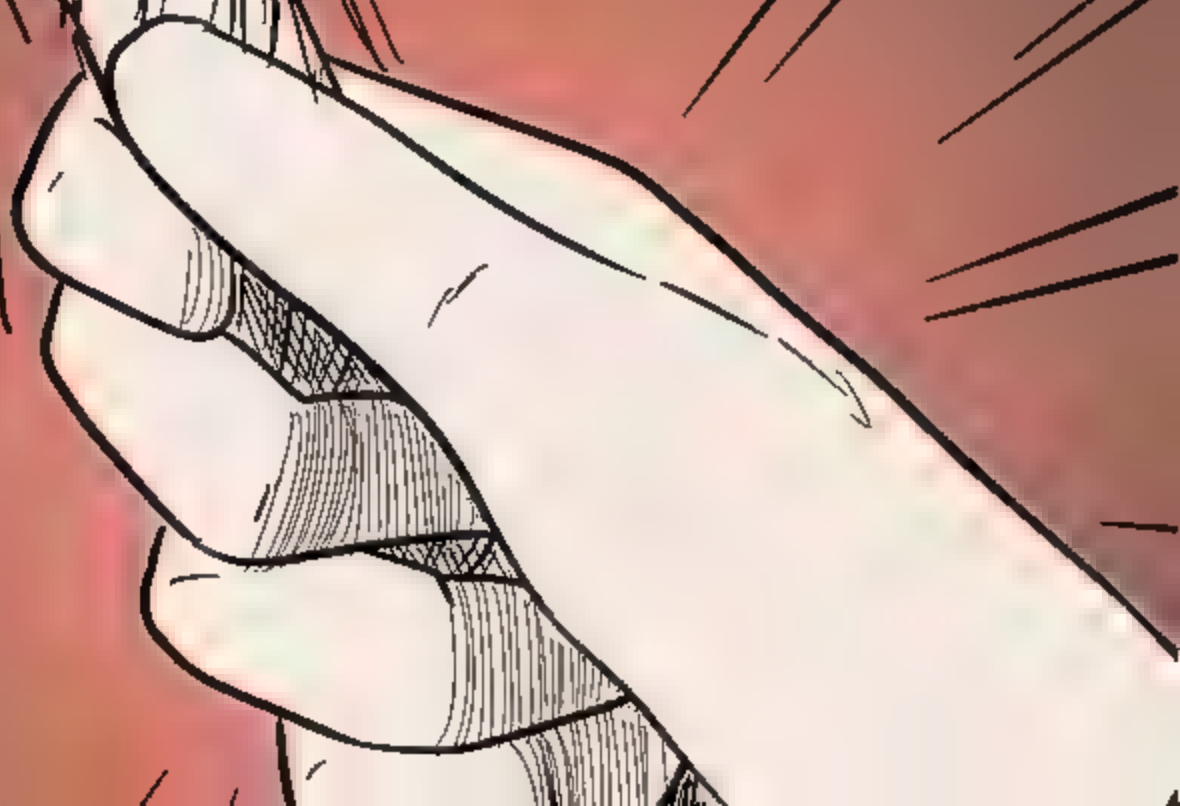
AHH-WOAH- NO
NO NO NO NO
NO-

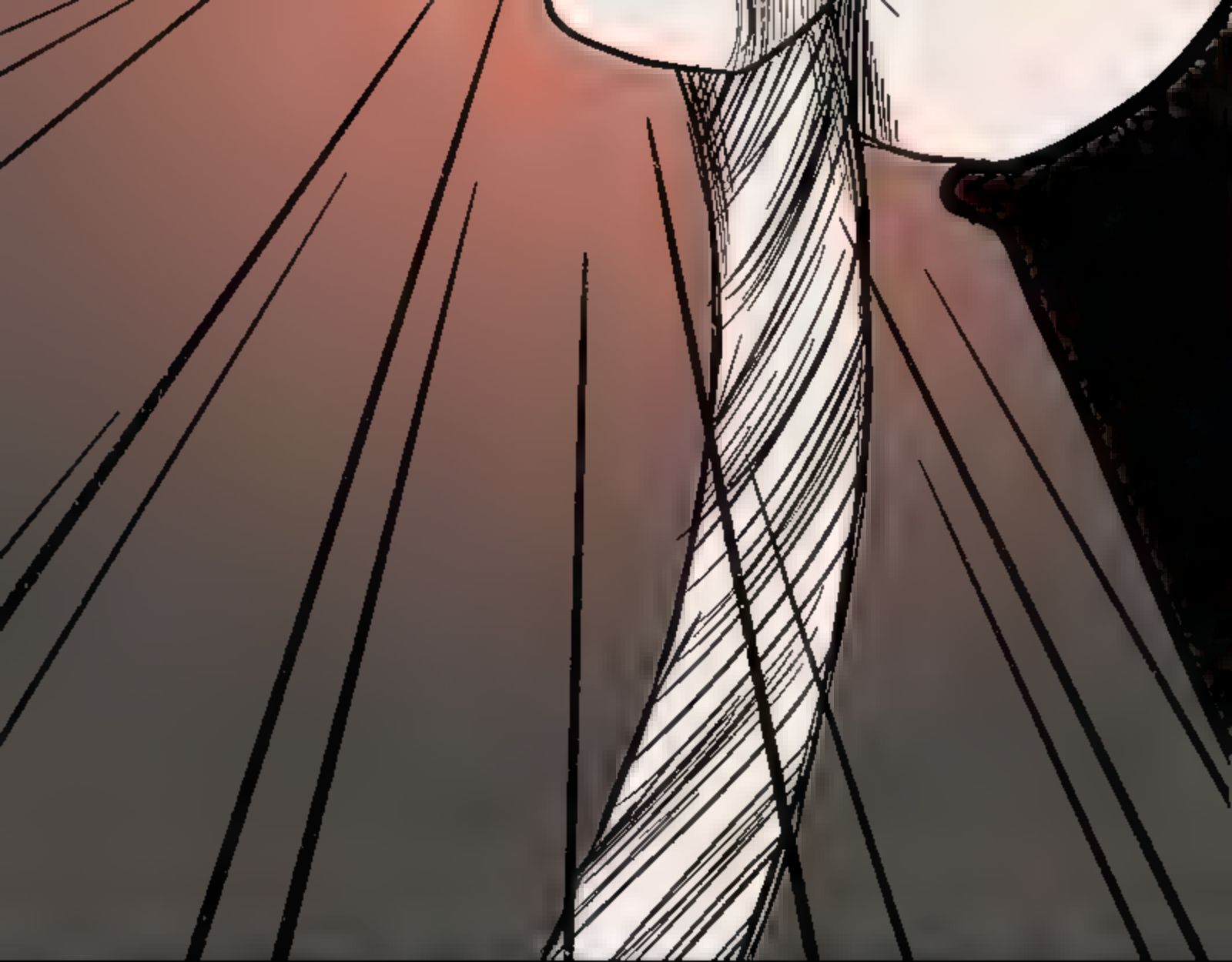


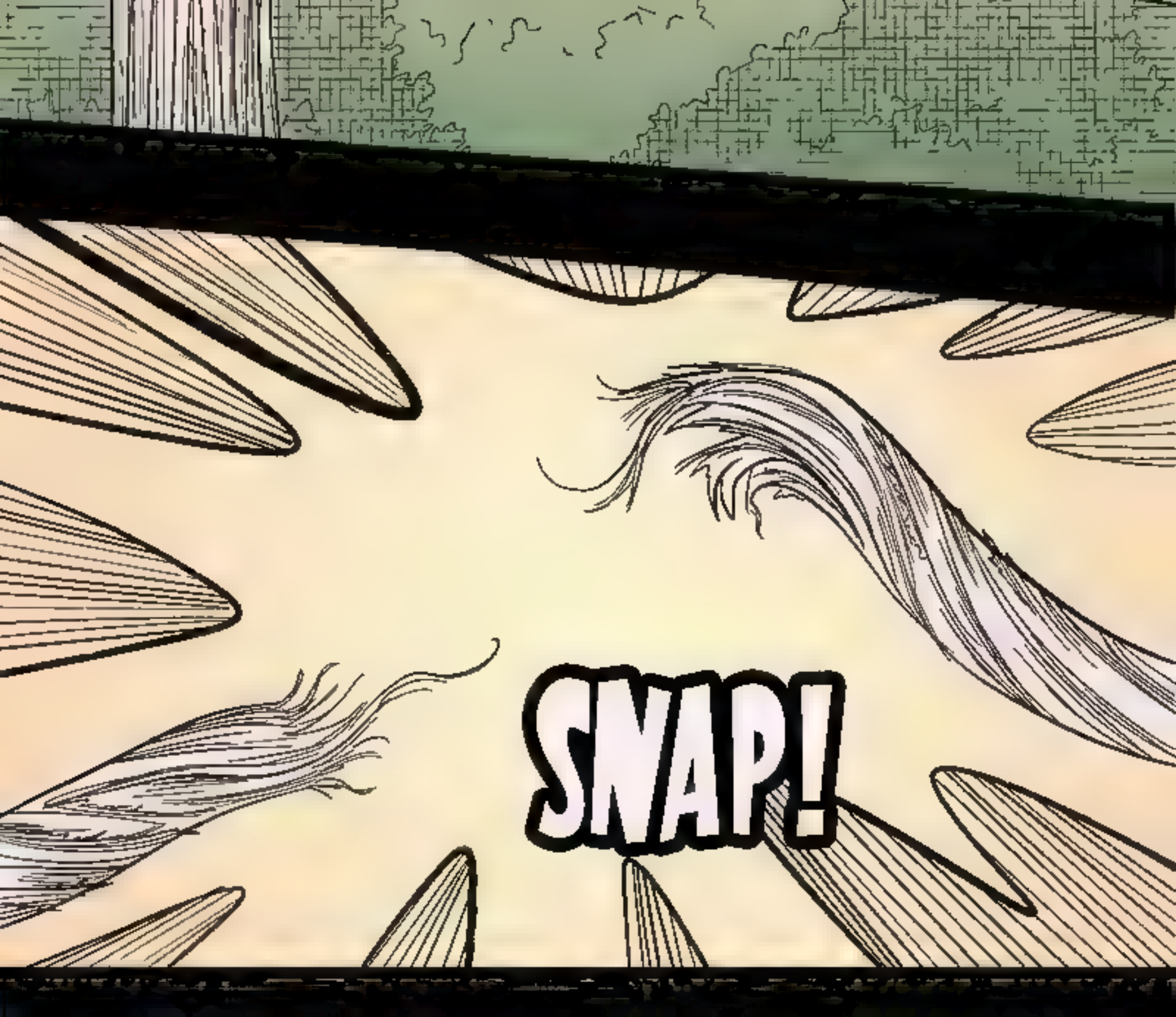


HHH!!

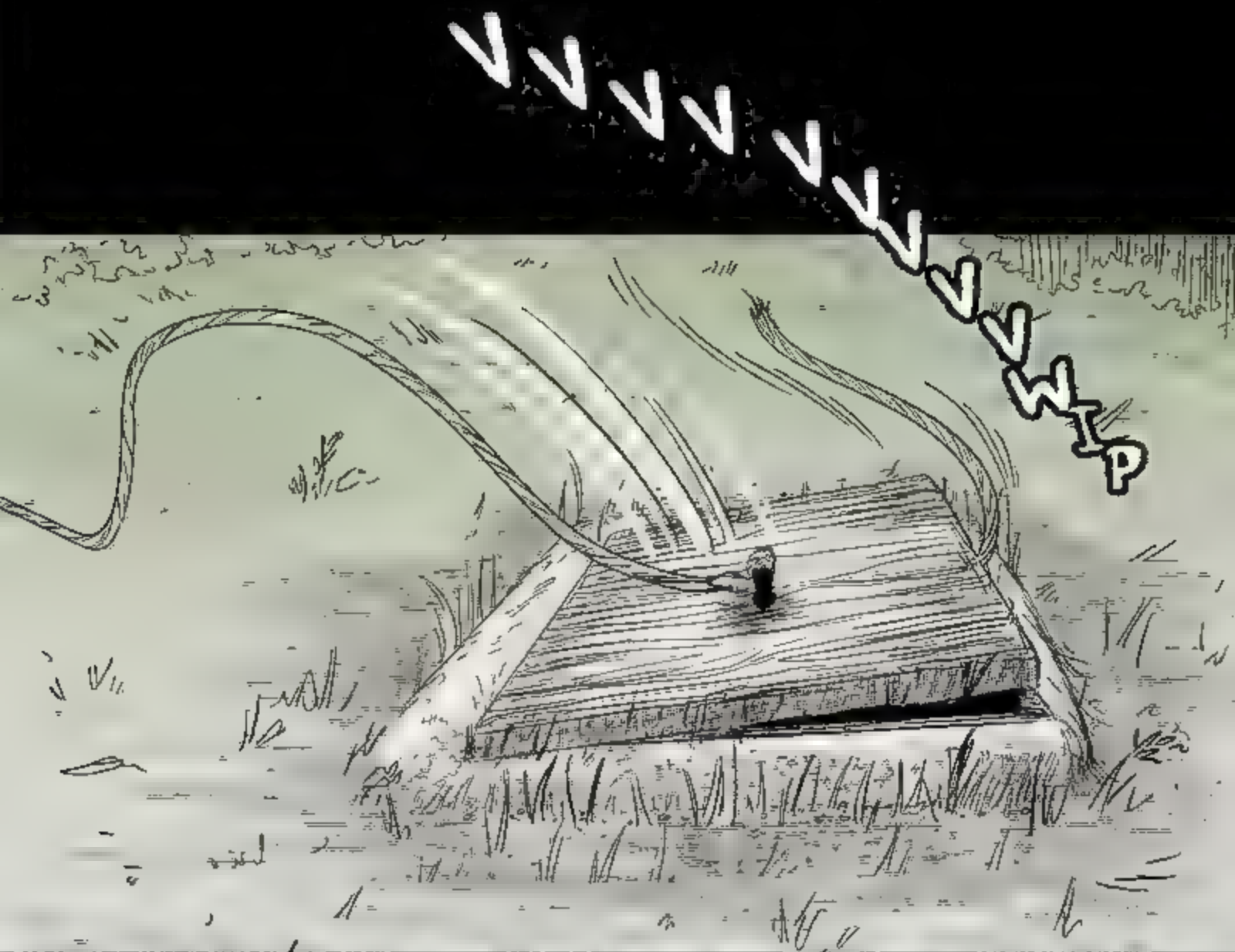
GRAB



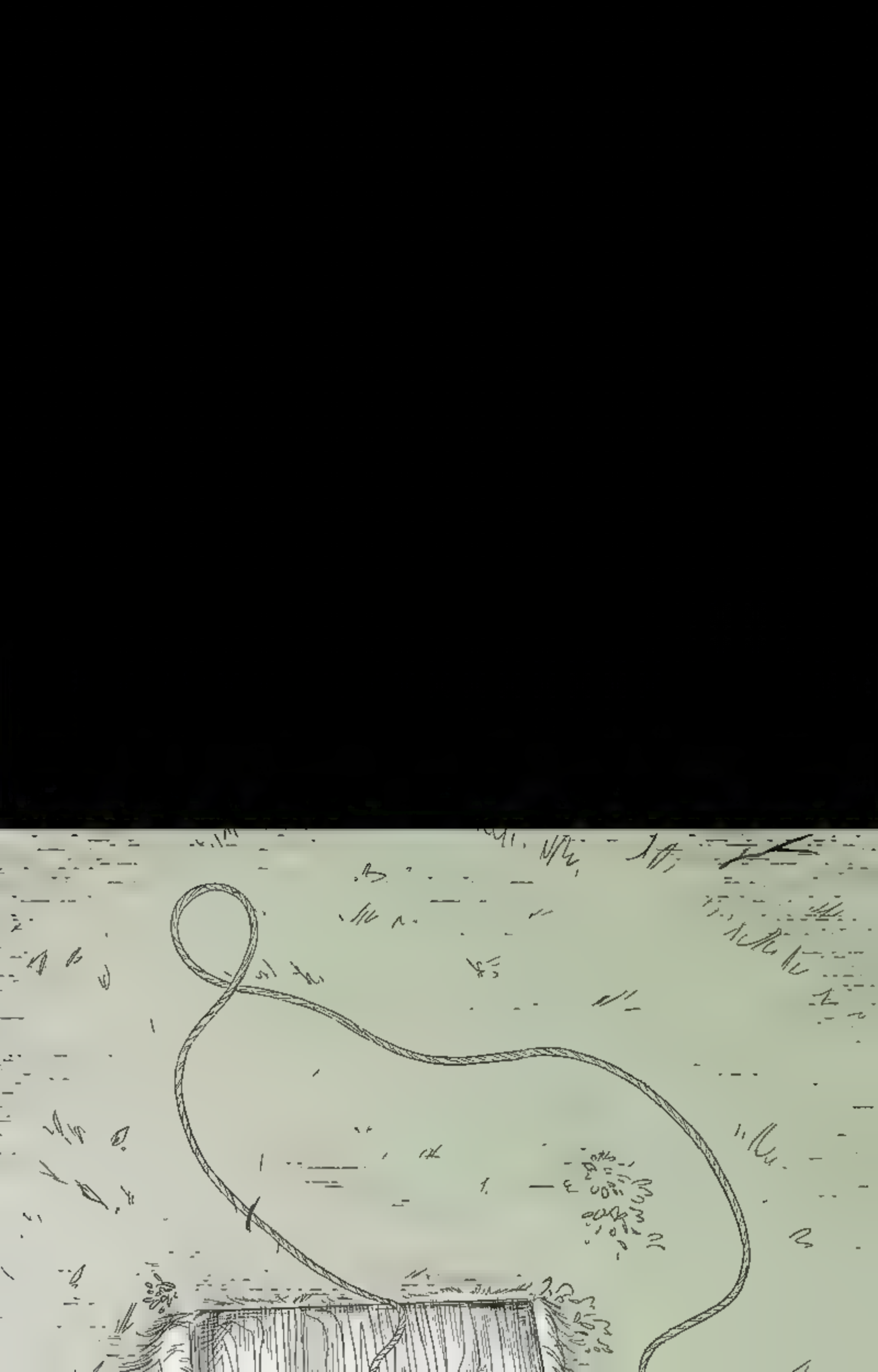


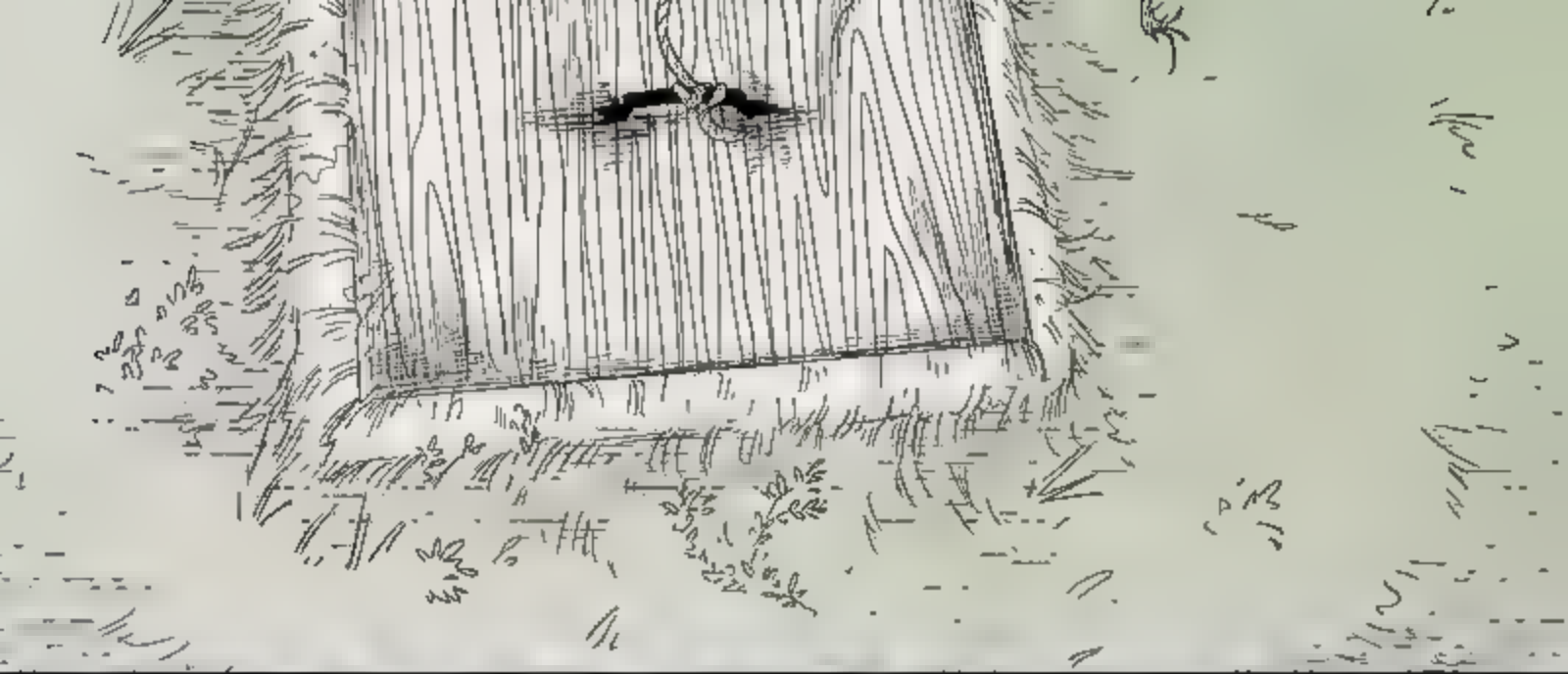
A comic book illustration featuring a large, bold, white text bubble with a thick black outline containing the word "SNAP!". The background is a light yellowish-tan color. Several large, teardrop-shaped, hatched patterns in a darker tan color are scattered around the central text, suggesting motion or impact. At the top of the image, there is a dark, horizontal, textured band. Above this band, the background is a light greenish-grey color with some faint, sketchy lines. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art.

SNAP!



BANG





HELLO!

HELLO?



CAN ANYONE
HEAR ME?!



SOMEONE!

CAN ANYONE
HEAR ME?



HELP!

I YELLED FOR QUITE A WHILE,
BUT OF COURSE THERE WASN'T
LIKELY TO BE ANYONE NEAR
ENOUGH TO HEAR ME.



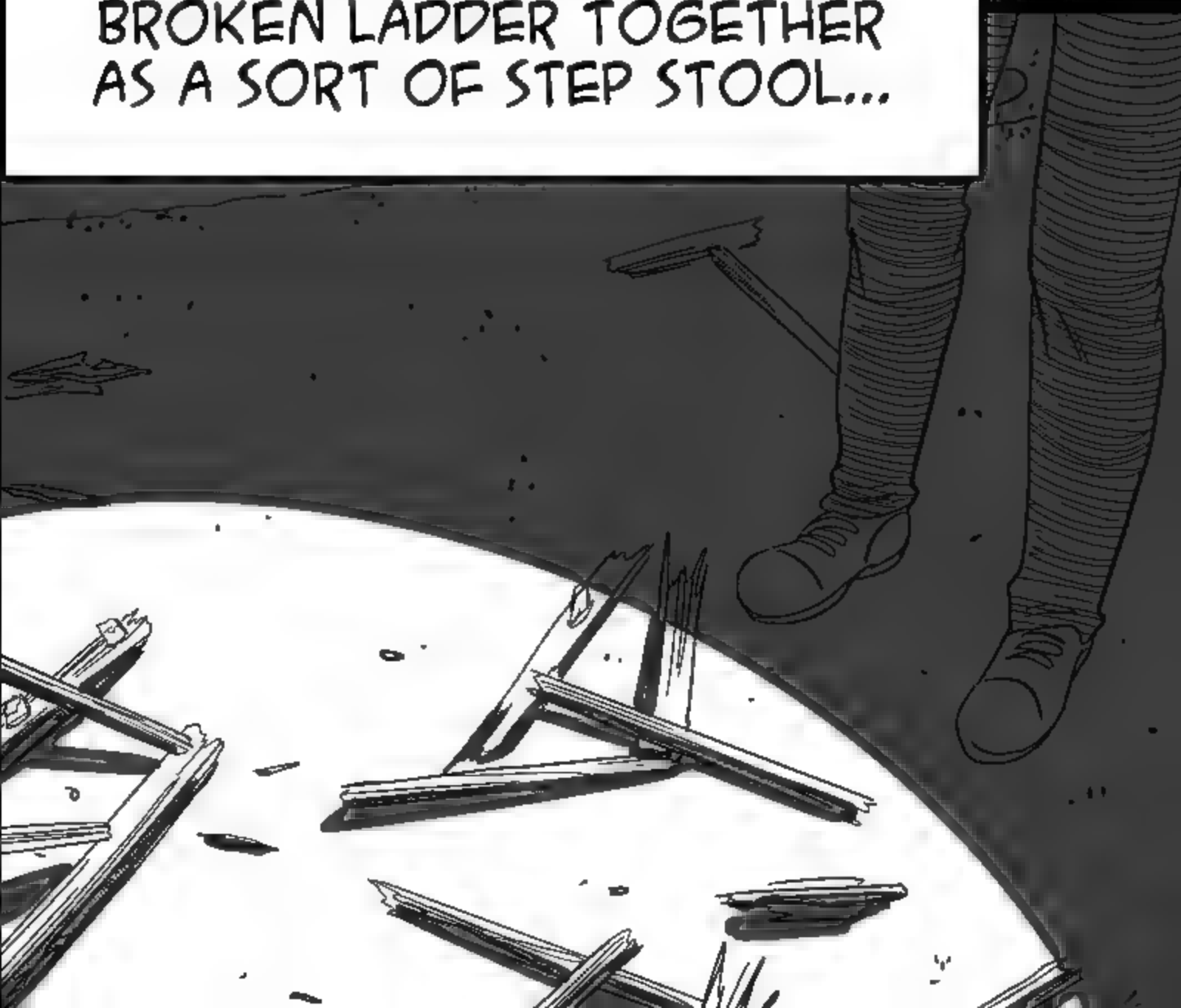
I WASN'T EVEN SURE IF I *COULD*
BE HEARD OUTSIDE OF THIS PLACE.

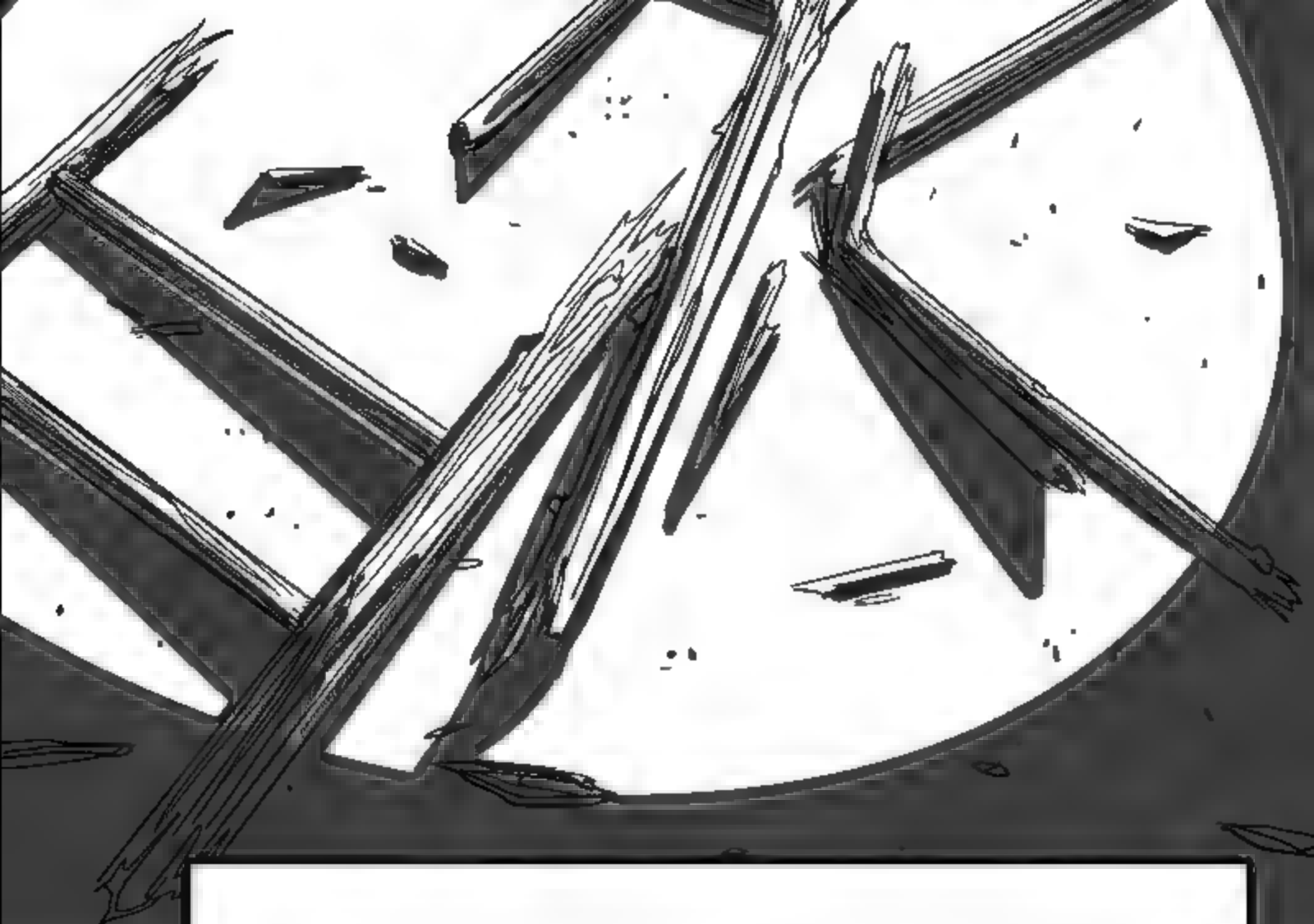


AT LEAST I WASN'T HURT IN THE
FALL...JUST A FEW BRUISES.

BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO
REACH THE LADDER SHAFT AND
CLIMB BACK OUT.

I THOUGHT OF TYING THE
BROKEN LADDER TOGETHER
AS A SORT OF STEP STOOL...



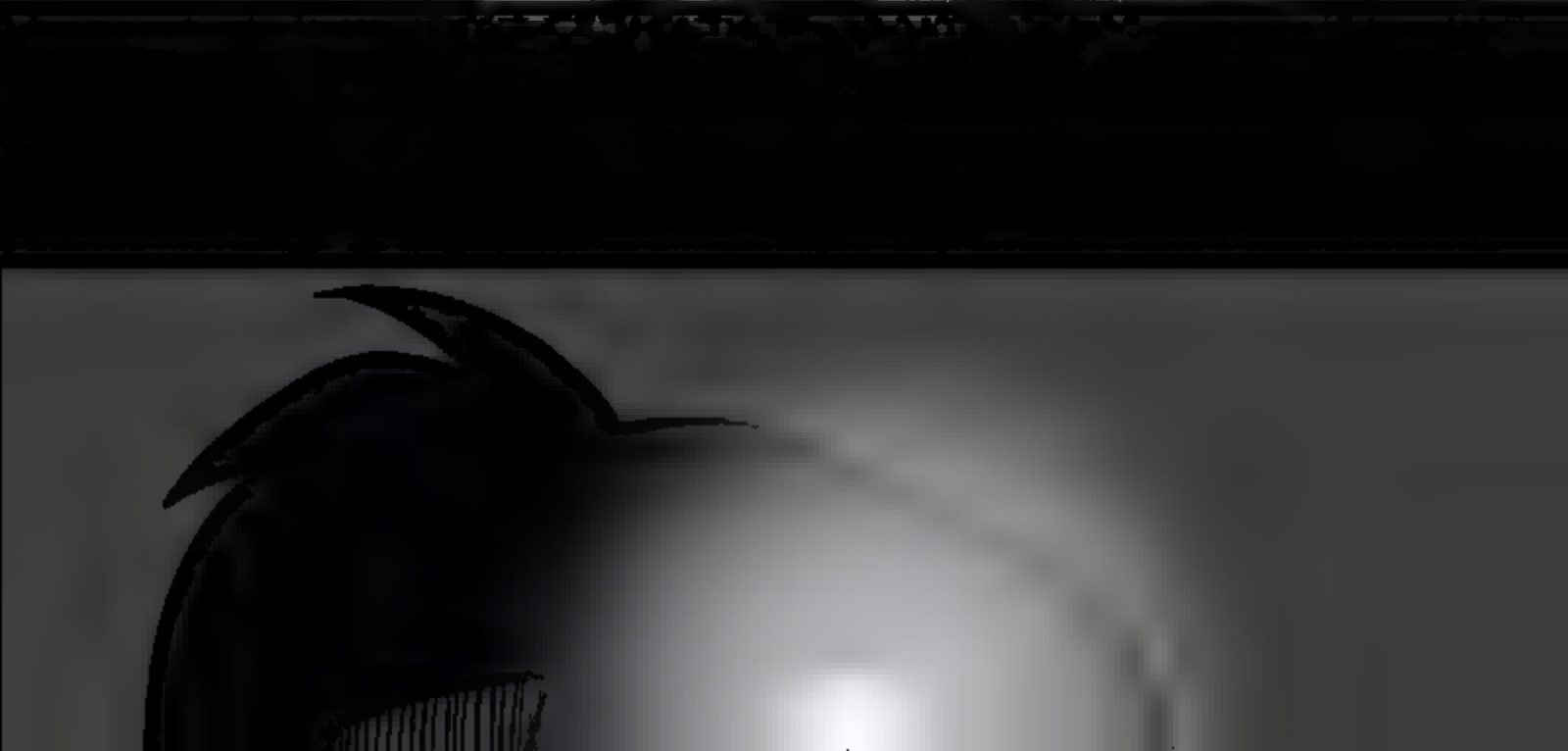


BUT IT WAS ALL ROTTED AND
USELESS.

MY PHONE HAD NO RECEPTION
DOWN UNDERGROUND.

HOWEVER...



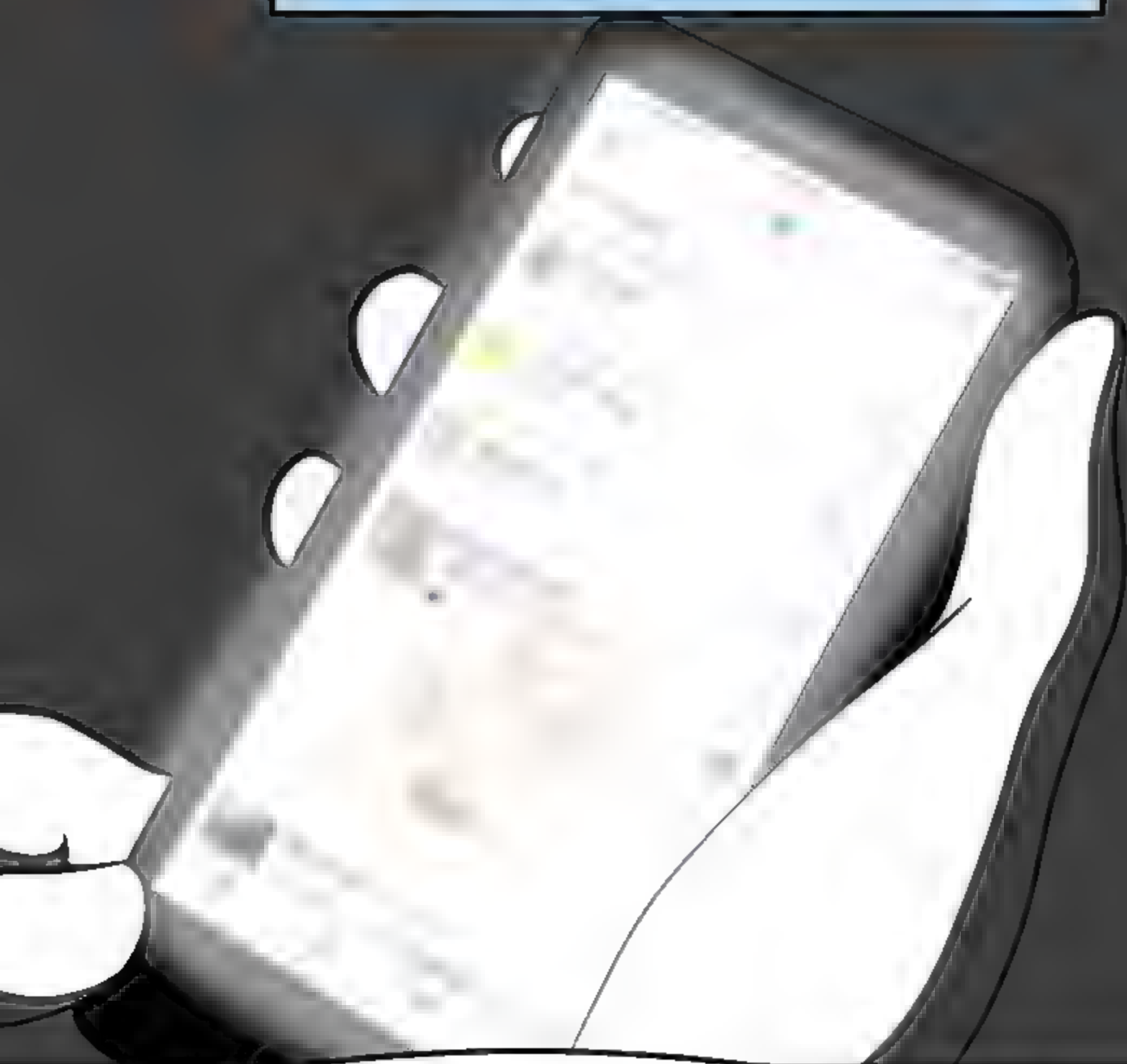




MAYBE SOMEONE SAW MY
TWEET BEFORE I FELL DOWN?

Katie Bailey: It's going to be a hot one. Don't forget sunscreen!

Catherine: Have fun Frankie!



GREAT. SUPER HELPEU.

CREATING SUPER HEROES

OKAY, THINK: PEOPLE KNOW WHERE I
AM, BUT IT COULD BE DAYS BEFORE
ANYONE DECIDES TO LOOK FOR ME.





I HAVE FOOD AND WATER FOR
THREE DAYS IF I RATION IT, SO
THAT'S A PLUS.

THE LADDER IS...A NO-GO.
EVEN IF I GOT BACK UP INTO
THE SHAFT, THERE'S NO WAY I
COULD CLIMB OUT.

COULD CLIMB OUT.

NOTHING UP THERE TO
EVEN LASSO MY LEFTOVER
ROPE ONTO.

THE ROOT CELLAR IS MADE OF
DIRT AND STONE AND THE
WALLS ARE PRETTY SOLID.





THERE'S NOTHING ELSE DOWN HERE
EXCEPT THAT...VENT THING? NEAR
THE FLOOR. MADE OF STONE.

DUNNO WHERE THAT GOES,
SO LEAVE IT ALONE FOR
NOW.



ACTUALLY...

I CAN SMELL FRESH AIR COMING
FROM THE VENT.

AT LEAST I WON'T SUFFOCATE
DOWN HERE, THEN.



SO LEEK RUCK WAS A BIG

SO LET'S JUST WAIT A BIT.



I SAT FOR MAYBE TWO HOURS, CHECKING MY RECEPTION EVERY SO OFTEN TO SEE IF THERE WAS ANY SIGNAL. I HAD A BACKUP BATTERY, BUT WANTED TO SAVE IT FOR LATER, SO I POWERED DOWN MY PHONE IN BETWEEN CHECKS.

THE VENT KEPT PREOCCUPYING
MY THOUGHTS.





I HAD FRESH AIR IN IT. DID IT GO
UP TO THE SURFACE? WAS IT A
CRAWL SHAFT TO ANOTHER
CELLAR THAT OPENED UP
FURTHER ON?

I COULDN'T SEE MUCH INSIDE IT.
ONLY THAT IT CONTINUED ON
IN A STRAIGHT LINE FOR QUITE
A WAYS.

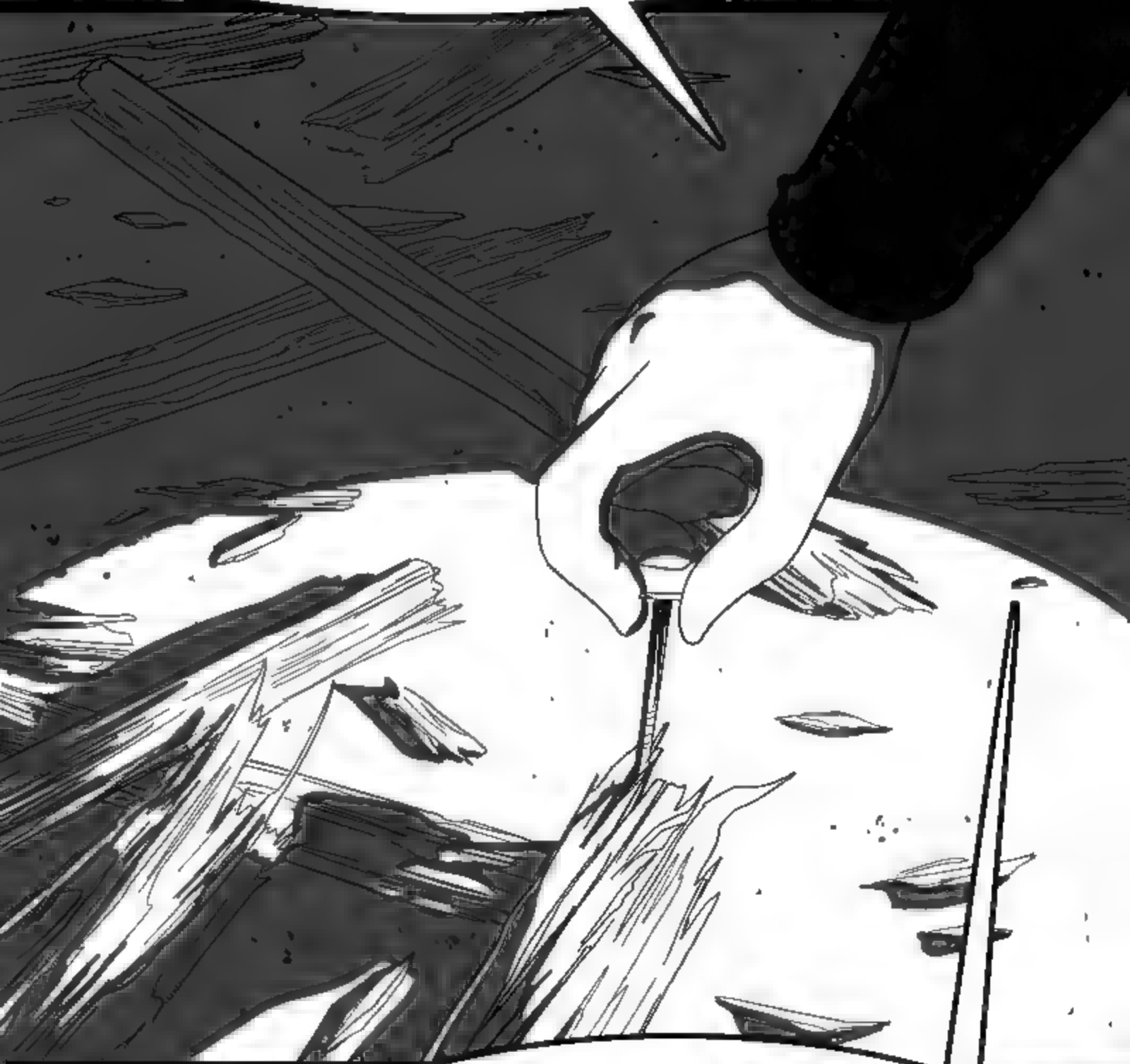


I HAD TO MAKE A DECISION NOW,
WHILE I STILL HAD FOOD AND
ENERGY ENOUGH TO TRY
AND ESCAPE.





WELL, IF WE'RE GONNA
DO A DUMB THING...



LET'S AT LEAST
BE SMART ABOUT IT.



THIS SPOOL OF THREAD SHOULD
HELP ME GET BACK IF I
END UP LOST IN THERE.

OKAY. A LITTLE BIT OF
OF EXPLORING, THEN
COME BACK.





THMP

THMP



THE VENT WAS DECEPTIVELY SMALL.
I THOUGHT CRAWLING WOULD
BE EASY...

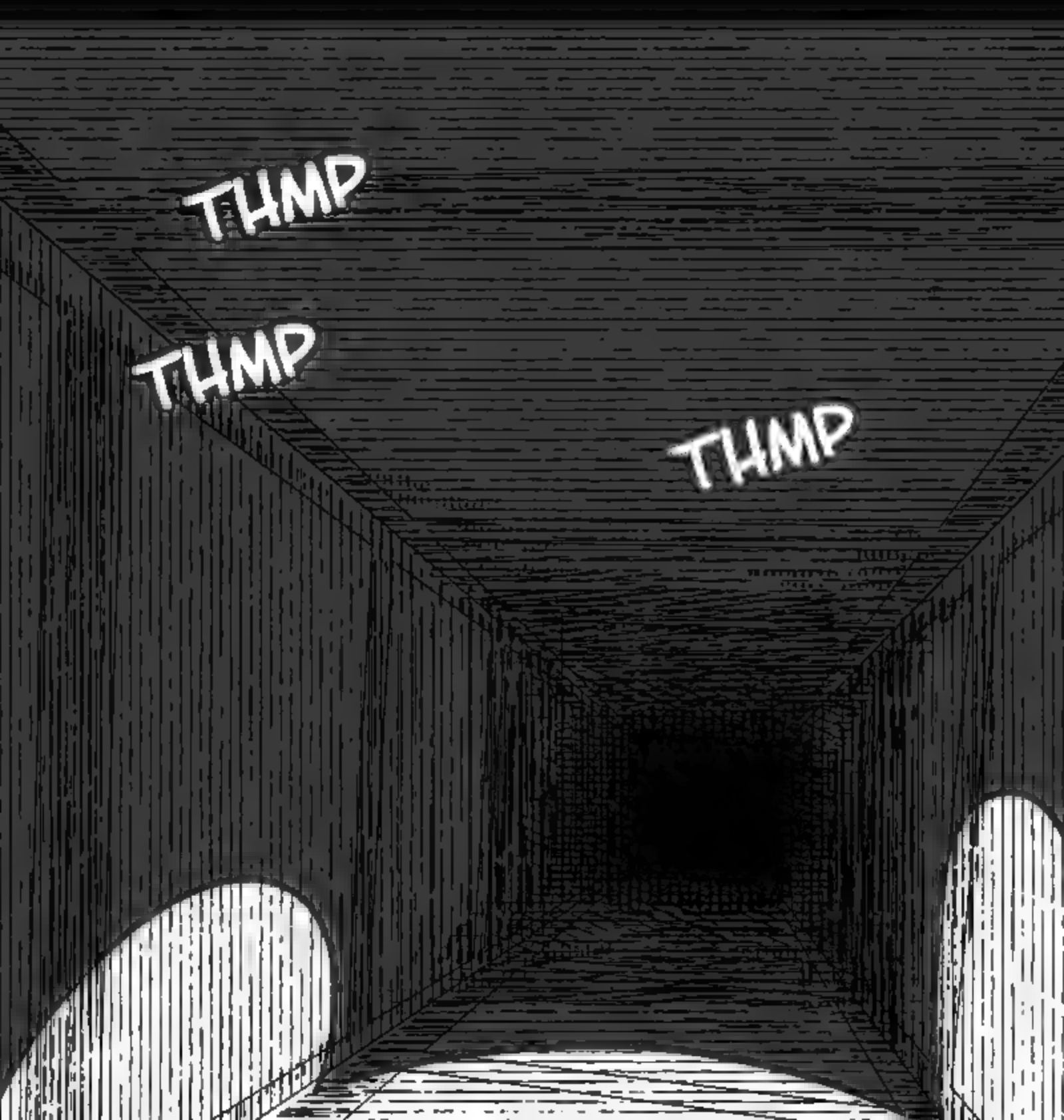


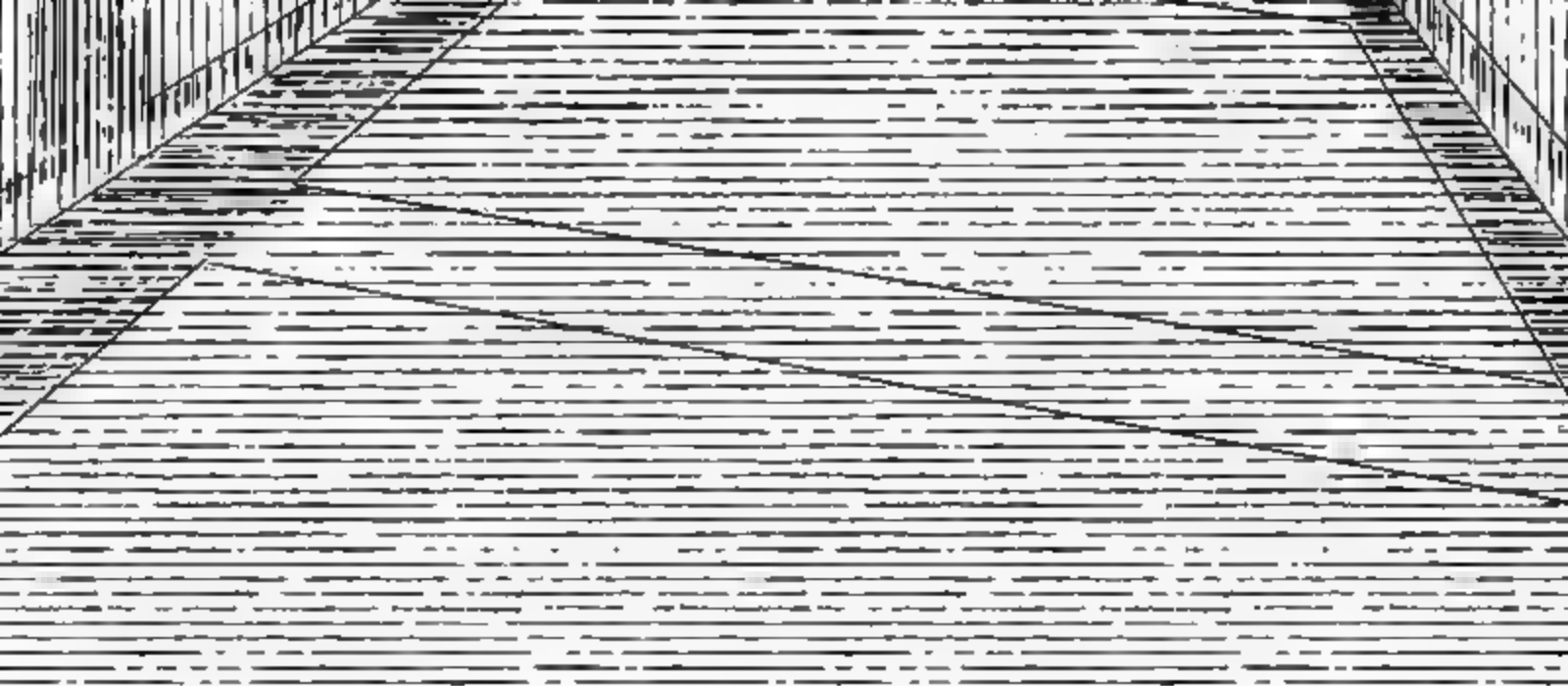
BUT AFTER A WHILE, IT GOT
VERY TIRING.

THMP

THMP

THMP





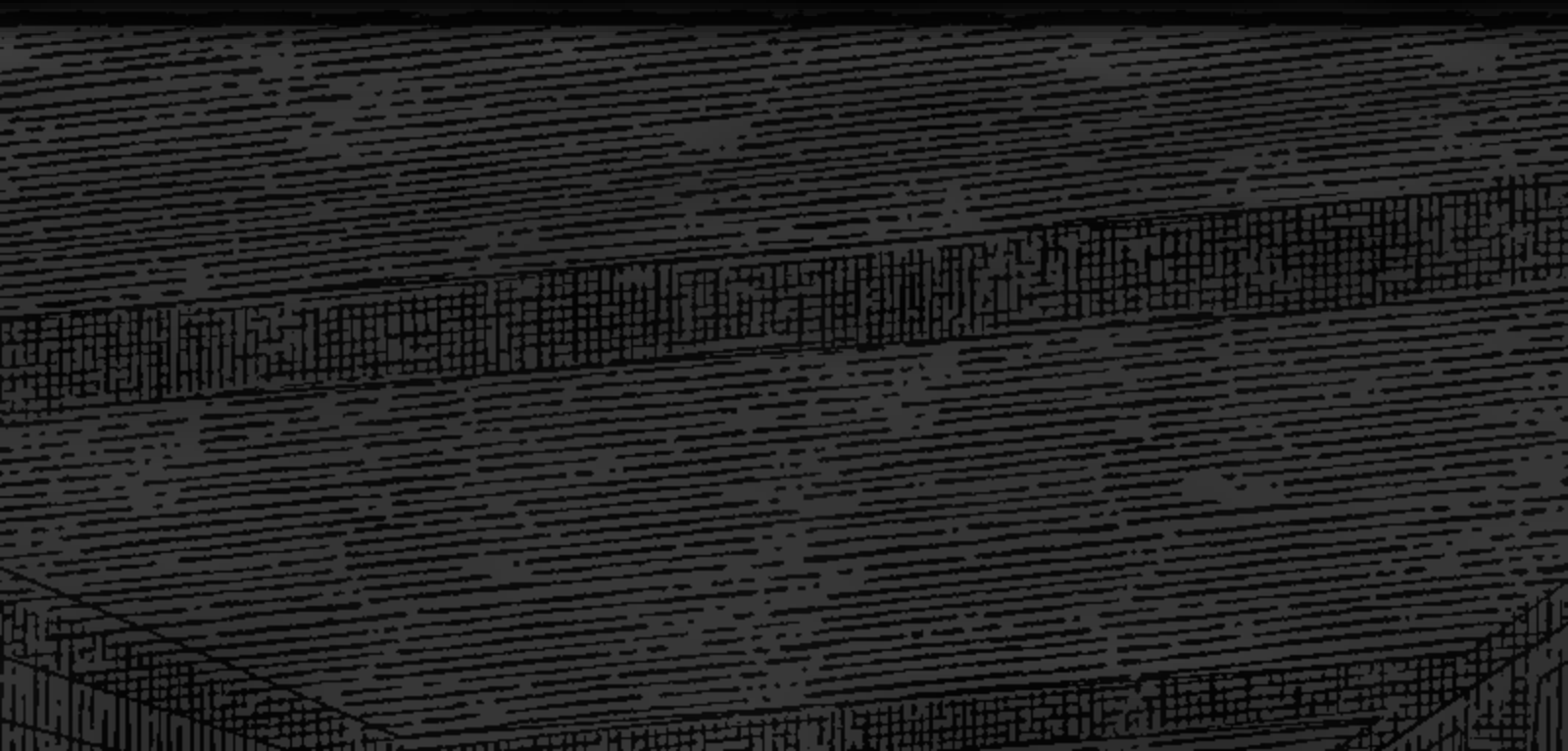
THERE SEEMED TO BE
NO END TO THE VENT.

I KEPT THE SPOOL OF THREAD
IN ONE HAND ALWAYS...





...PAYING IT OUT SLOWLY TO
KEEP TRACK OF WHERE I'D BEEN.



THMP

THMP

THMP

IT SEEMED POINTLESS, THOUGH.
THE VENT JUST CONTINUED IN A
STRAIGHT LINE, WITH NO TURNS
OR OTHER TUNNELS.

AFTER A WHILE, I'D
HAD ENOUGH.

TIME TO HEAD BACK.



OOF-

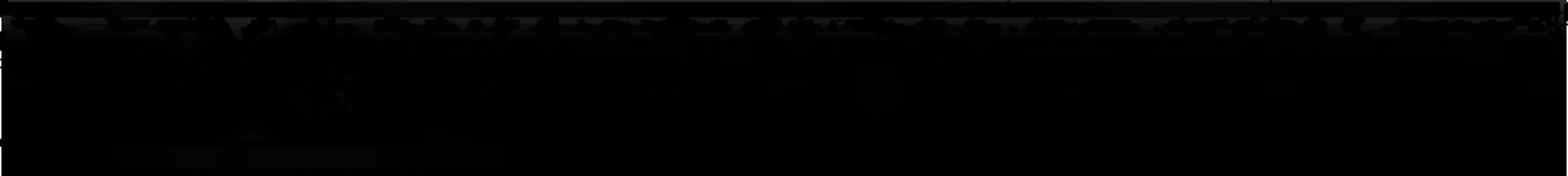
MAN...

THMP

BUMP

TURNING AROUND IS HARDER
THAN I THOUGHT.





SINCE THIS STRANGE VENT
DIDN'T GO ANYWHERE, I
FIGURED I WOULD WAIT IN
THE CELLAR A BIT BEFORE
TRYING AGAIN.

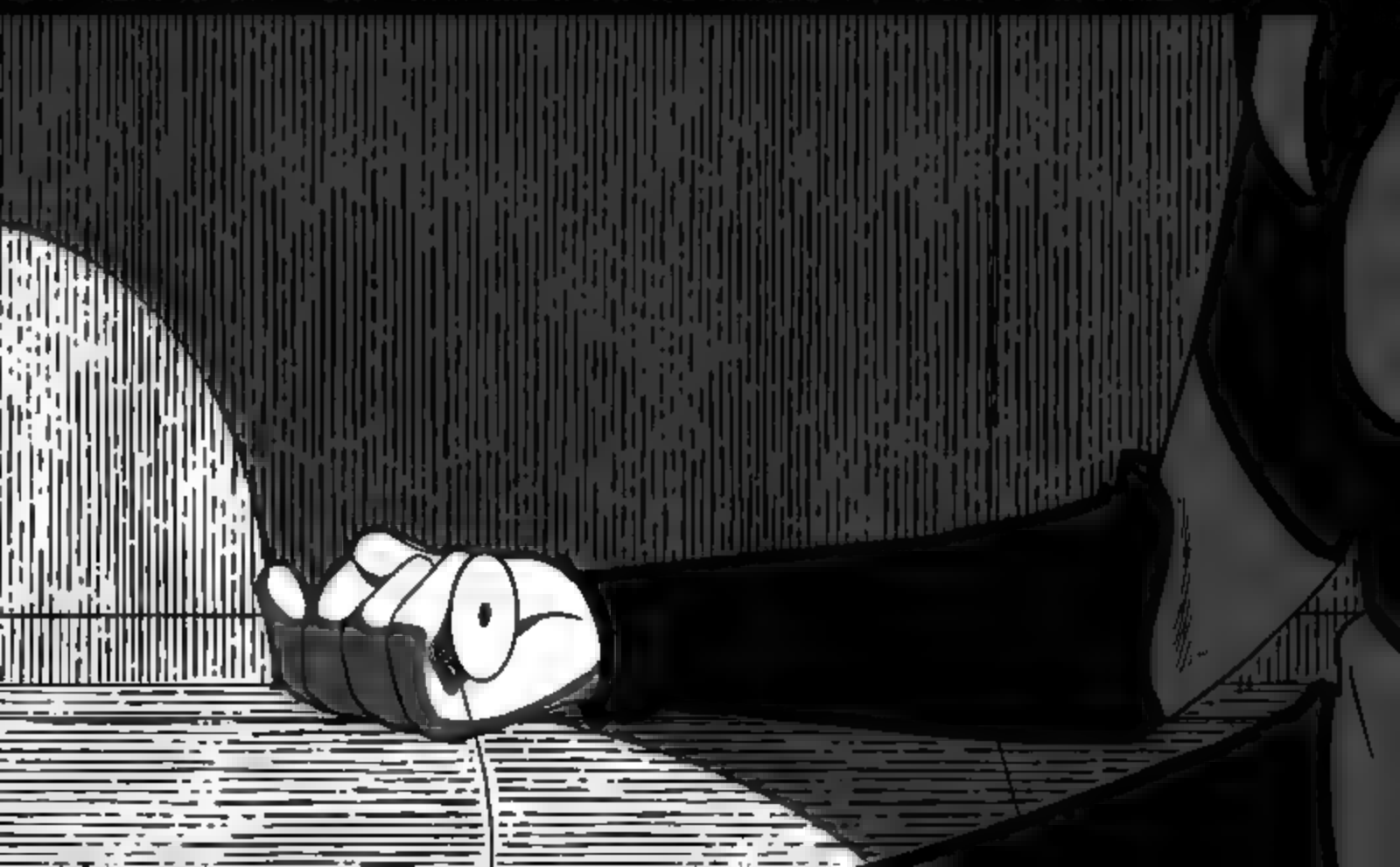




ON THE WAY BACK, I HAD TO KEEP
STOPPING AND REWINDING THE
THREAD SPOOL.



WHAT THE-





CAN'T BE BACK ALREADY...





WH...WHAT...

TUG







